

THE
HISTORY and FALL
OF

Caius Marius.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

By *Thomas Otway.*

Qui color Albus erat nunc est contrarius Albo.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Rich. Wellington*, at the *Dolphin and Crown* in *Paul's Church-Yard*, and *E. Rumball* in *Covent-Garden.* 1703.

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THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF

NEW YORK

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY J. C. COOPER

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SECOND

1154
30

TO THE
Lord VISCOUNT
FALKLAND.

My Lord,

WHEN first it entred into my Thoughts to make this Present to Your Lordship, I received not only Encouragement, but Pleasure, since upon due Examination of my Self, I found it was not a bare Presumption, but my Duty to the Remembrance of many Extraordinary Favours which I have received at Your Hands.

For heretofore having had the Honour to be near You, and bred under the same Discipline with You, I cannot but own, that in a great Measure I owe the small share of Letters I have to Your Lordship. For Your Lordship's Example taught me to be ashamed of Idleness; and I first grew in love with Books, and learnt to value them, by the wonderful Progress which even in Your tender Years you made in them; so that Learning and Improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my Eyes, as they shone in You.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Your Lordship has an extraordinary Reason to be a Patron of Poetry, for Your great Father loved it. May Your Lordship's Fame and Employments grow as great, or greater than his were; and may Your Virtues find a Poet to record them, equal (if possible) to that great * Genius which sung of him. * Mr. Waller.

My slender humble Talent must not hope for it; for You have a Judgment which I must always submit to, a general Goodness which I never (to its worth) can value: And who can praise that well which he knows not how to comprehend?

Already the Eyes and Expectations of Men of the best Judgment are fix'd upon You: For wheresoever You come, You have their Attention when present, and their Praise when You are gone: And I am sure (if I obtain but Your Lordship's Pardon) I shall have the Congratulation of all my Friends, for having taken this Opportunity to express my self

Your Lordship's

most Humble Servant,

Thomas Otway.

P R O-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

IN Ages past, (when will those times renew?)
When Empires flourish'd, so did Poets too.
When Great Augustus the World's Empire held,
Horace and Ovid's happy Verse excell'd.
Ovid's soft Genius and his tender Arts
Of moving Nature, melted hardest Hearts.
It did the Imperial Beauty, Julia, move
To listen to the Language of his Love.
Her Father honour'd him: And on her Breast,
With ravish'd sence in her Embraces prest,
He lay transported, fancy-full and blest.
Horace's lofty Genius boldlier rear'd
His manly Head, and through all Nature steer'd;
Her richest Pleasures in his Verse refin'd,
And wrought 'em to the relish of the Mind.
He lash'd with a true Poet's fearless Rage
The Villanies and Follies of the Age.
Therefore Meccenas that great Fav'rite rais'd
Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd.
Our Shakespear wrote too in an Age as blest,
The happiest Poet of his time, and best,
A gracious Prince's Favour cheer'd his Muse,
A constant Favour he ne'er fear'd to lose.
Therefore he wrote with Fancy unconfin'd,
And Thoughts that were Immortal as his Mind.
And from the Crop of his luxuriant Pen
E'er since succeeding Poets humbly glean.
Though much the most unworthy of the Throng,
Our this day's Poet fears h' has done him wrong.
Like greedy Beggars that steal Sheaves away,
You'll find h' has rifl'd him of half a Play.
Amidst this baser Dross you'll see it shine
Most beautiful, amazing, and Divine.
To such low Shifts of late are Poets worn,
Whilst we both Wit's and Caesar's Absence mourn.
Oh! when will He and Poetry return?
When shall we there again behold him sit
'Midst shining Boxes and a Courtly Pit,
The Lord of Hearts, and President of Wit?
When that blest Day (quick may it come) appears,
His Cares once banish'd and his Nation's Fears,

The

*The joyful Muses on their Hills shall sing
 Triumphant Songs of Britain's happy King.
 Plenty and Peace shall flourish in our Isle,
 And all things like the English Beauty smile.
 You, Criticks, shall forget your Natural Spite,
 And Poets with unbounded Fancy write.
 Ev'n This-day's Poet shall be alter'd quite:
 His Thoughts more loftily and freely flow;
 And he himself, whilst you his Verse allow,
 As much transported as he's humble now.*

Persons represented.

Men

*Cains Marius.
 Sylla.
 Marius Junior.
 Granius.
 Metellus.
 Quintus Pompeius.
 Cinna.
 Sulpitius.
 Ancharius, a Senator.
 Priest.
 Apothecary.
 Q. Pompeius's Son.
 Guards, Lictors,
 Ruffians, &c.*

Women

*Levinia.
 Nurse.*

By

*Mr. Betterton.
 Mr. Williams.
 Mr. Smith.
 Mr. Percivale.
 Mr. Gillow.
 Mr. Williams.
 Mr. Fevon.
 Mr. Underhill.*

By

*Mrs. Barry.
 Mr. Noakes.*

THE
History and Fall
 OF
Caius Marius.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Within. Liberty! Liberty! *Marius and Sulpitius,*
 Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! &c.

Enter Metellus, Antonius, Cinna, and Senators.

Metell. **W**HEN will the Tut'lar Gods of *Rome* awake,
 To fix the Order of our wayward State,
 That we may once more know each other; know
 Th' extent of Laws, Prerogatives and Dues;
 The Bounds of Rules and Magistracy; who
 Ought first to govern, and who must obey?
 It was not thus when God-like *Scipio* held
 The Scale of Power; he who with temp'rate poise
 Knew how to guide the People's Liberty
 In its full bounds, nor did the Nobles wrong,
 For he himself was one——

Cinna. He was indeed,
 A Noble born, and still in *Rome* there are
 Most worthy Patrons of her ancient Honour,
 Such as are fit to fill the Seat of Pow'r,

And

And awe this riotous unruly Rabble,
That bear down all Authority before 'em,
Were we not sold to Ruine.

Metell. *Cinna* there

Thou'lt hit my Mark: We are to Ruine sold;
In all things sold; Voices are sold in *Rome*:
And yet we boast of Liberty. Just Gods!
That Guardians of an Empire should be chosen
By the lewd noise of a Licentious Rout!
The sturdiest Drinker makes the ablest Statesman.

Ant. Would it not anger any true born *Roman*,
To see the giddy Multitude together,
Never consulting who 'tis best deserves,
But who feasts highest to obtain the Suffrage?
As 'tis not many Years since two great Men
In *Rome* stood equal Candidates together,
For high Command: In every House was Riot.
To day the drunken Rabble reel to one;
To morrow they were mad agen for t'other;
Changing their Voices with their Entertainment:
And none could guess on whom the choice would settle;
Till at the last a Stratagem was thought of.
A mighty Vessel of *Falernian* Wine
Was brought into the *Forum* crown'd with Wreaths
Of Ivy sacred to the Jolly God.

The Monster-people roar'd aloud for Joy:
When streight the Candidate himself appears
In pomp, to grace the Present he had made 'em.
The Fools all gap'd. Then when a while he had
With a smooth Tale tickled their Asses Ears,
H'at both ends tapp'd his Butt, and got the Consulship.

Cinna. This Curse we owe to *Marius's* Pride,
That made him first most basely bribe the People
For Consul in the War against *Jugurtha*:
Where he went out, *Metellus*, your Lieutenant.
And how the Kindness was return'd, all know.
I never lov'd his rough untoward Nature,
And wonder such a Weed got growth in *Rome*.

Metell. What says my *Cinna*?

Cinna. That I like not *Marius*,
Nor love him——

Metell. There *Rome's* better Genius spoke.
Let us consult and weigh this Subject well.
O *Romans*, he's the Thorn that galls us all.
Our harrass'd State is crippled with the weight
Of his Ambition: We're not safe in *Marius*.

Do I not know his Rise, his low beginning,
From what a wretched despicable Root
His Greatness grew? Gods! that a Peasant's Brat,
Born in the outmost Cottages of *Arpos*,
And fostered in a Corner, should by Bribes,
By Covetousness, and all the hateful means
Of working Pride, advance his little Fate
So high, to vaunt it o'er the Lords of *Rome*!

Anton. Ambition, raging like a *Dæmon* in him,
Distorts him to all ugly Forms, she'as need to use.
In his first start of Fortune, O how vile
Were his Endeavours and Submissions then!
When suing to be chosen first *Edilis*,
He was by general Vote repulsed, yet bore it;
And in the same Day shamefully returned,
T'obtain the second Office of that Name.
Equal was his Success, denyed in both:
Yet could he condescend at last to ask
The Prætorship, and but with Bribes got that.
Yet this is he that has disturb'd the World,
Rome's Idol, and the Darling of her Wishes.

Metell. I must confess it burthens much my Age,
To see the Man I hate thus ride my Country:
For, *Romans*, I have mighty Cause to hate him.
I was the first (and I am well rewarded)
That lent my hand to raise his feeble State.
When first I made him Tribune by my Voice,
I thought there might be something in his Nature:
That promis'd well. His Parents were most honest,
And served my Father justly in their Trust.
Then as his Fortunes grew, when I was Consul,
And went against *Jugurtha* in *Africk*,
I took him with me one of my Lieutenants.
'Twas there his Pride first shew'd itself in Actions,
Opprest my Friends, and robbed me of my Honour.

Cinn. The Story's famous. Base ingratitude,
Diffimulation, Cruelty, and Pride,
Ill Manners, Ignorance, and all the Ills
Of one base born, in *Marius* are join'd.

Metell. Even Age cannot heal the Rage of his Ambition.
Six times the Consul's Office has he born:
How well, our present Discords best declare.
Yet now agen, when time has worn him low,
Consum'd with Age, and by Diseases press'd,
He courts the People to be once more chosen,
To lead the War against King *Mithridates*.

The History and Fall

Anton. For this each day he rises with the Sun,
And in the Field of *Mars* appears in Arms.
Excelling all our Youth in warlike Exercise:
He rides and tilts, and when the Prize h'has won,
He brings it back with Triumph into *Rome*.
And there presents it to the sordid Rabble;
Who shout to Heaven, and cry, Let *Marius* live.

Metell. He shall not have it, by the Gods he shall not.
There is a *Roman*, noble, just and valiant,
Sylla's his Name, sprung from the ancient Stock
Of the *Cornelii*, bred from's Youth in War,
Flushed with Success, and of a Spirit bold,
And, more than all, hates *Marius*, still has crost
His Pride and clouded ev'n his brightest Triumphs:
He was Consul now. Then let us all resolve,
And fix on him, to check this Havocker,
That with his Kennel of the Rabble hunts
Our Senate into Holes, and frights our Laws.

Cinna. Agreed for *Sylla*.

All. All for *Sylla*.

Metell. Nay,
This Monster *Marius*, who has used me thus,
Ev'n now would wed his Family with mine,
And asks my Daughter for his hated Off-Spring.
But, for my Wrongs, *Lavinia* shall be *Sylla's*.
My eldest born, her, and the best of all
My Fortune I'll confirm on him, to crush the Pride
Of this base-born, hot-brain'd, Plebeian Tyrant.

Anton. Now *Rome's* last Stake of Liberty is set,
And must be push'd for to the Teeth of Fortune.

Cinn. Then *Caius Marius* shall not have the Consulship:

Metell. No, I would rather be *Sulpitius's* Slave,
That Furious Headlong Libertine *Sulpitius*,
That mad wild Bull, whom *Marius* lets loose
On each occasion when he'd make *Rome* feel him,
To toss our Laws and Liberties i'th' Air.

Ant. That lawless Tribune then must be reduc'd,
Unhing'd from off the Power that holds him up,
His Band of full six hundred *Roman* Knights,
All in their Youth, and pamper'd high with Riot,
Which he his Guard against the Senate calls;
Tall wild young Men, and fit for glorious Mischiefs.

Met. Fear nothing, let but *Sylla* once have Pow'r.
And then see how like Day he'll break upon'em,
And scatter all those Goblins of the Night,
Confusion's Night, wherein the dark Disorders

of Caius Marius.

Of a divided State, Men know not where
Or how to walk, for fear they lose their way,
And stumble upon Ruine. Mark the Race
Of *Sylla's* Life; observe but what has past,
How still h'has born a Face against this *Marius*,
And kept an equal stretch with him for Glory.

Cinn. H'has in the Capitol an Image set
Of Gold, in honour of his own Atchievement;
Wherein's described how the *Numidian* King
Gave up *Jugurtha* Prisoner to *Sylla*,
And all in spite of *Marius*. Oh now,
If you are truly *Roman* Nobles, wake,
Resume your Rights, and keep your *Sylla* Consul.
Courage, Nobility, and innate Honour,
Justice unbyass'd, the true *Roman* Spirit,
Presence of Mind, and resolute Performance
Meet all in *Sylla*.

Metell. Let's agree for *Sylla*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Marius senior, Marius junior, Granus.

Marius sen. There *Rome's* Dæmons go.
Like Witches in ill Weather, in this Storm
And Tempest of the State they meet in Corners,
And urge Destruction higher: for this end
They've rais'd their Imp, their dear Familiar *Sylla*,
To cross my way and stop my Tide of Glory,
If I am *Caius Marius*, if I'm he
That brought *Jugurtha* chain'd in Triumph hither;
If I am he that led *Rome's* Armies out,
Spent all my Years in Toil and cruel War,
Chill'd my warm Youth in cold and Winter-Camps,
Till I brought settled Peace and Plenty home,
Made her the Court and Envy of the World;
Why does she use me thus?

Mar. Jun. Because she's rul'd
By lazy Droans that feed on others Labours,
And fatten with the Fruits they never toil'd for;
Old gouty Senators of crude Minds and Brains,
That always are fermenting Mischief up,
And style their private Malice publick Safety —

Gran. One discontented Villain leads a State
To Madness. There's that Bell-weather of Mutiny
And damn'd Sedition, *Cinna*, of a Life
And Manners sordid; one whose Gain's his God;

And to that cursed end he'd sacrifice
His Country's Honour, Liberty, or Peace :
Nay, had he any, ev'n his very Gods,

Mar. sen. H'has taken *Rome* even in the nicest Minute,
And easily debauch'd her to his ends,
When she was over-cloyed with Happiness,
Wantonly full, and longing after Change.
For *Sylla* too, a Boy, a Woman's Play-thing,
She has relinquish'd me, and flouts my Age.
Constant ill Fortune wait upon her for't,
And wreck her Fate as low as I first found it,
When it lay trembling like a hunted Prey,
And hungry Ruine had it in the wind ;
When barbarous Nations, of a Race unknown,
From undiscover'd Northern Regions came,
To lay her waste, and sweep her from the Earth ;
Till I, I *Marius* rose, the Soul of all
The hope sh'had left, and with unwearied Toil,
Dangers each Hour, and never-sleeping Care,
(A burthen for a God) oppos'd my self
'Twixt her and Desolation, gorg'd the maw
Of Death with slaughter'd numbers of her Foes,
Restor'd her Peace, and made her Name renown'd.

Mar. jun. The glory of that War must be remember'd,
When *Rome*, like her old Mother *Troy*, shall lie
In Ashes—Full 300000 Men,
All Sons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields,
Whose Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation,
Hung like a Swarm of Mischiefs on the Hills
Of *Italy*, and threatned Fate to *Europe*.

Gran. They came in Tribes, as if to take Possession,
And seem'd a People whom the hand of Fate
Had scourg'd by Famine from a barren Land,
Of Visage foul and ugly, pinch'd and chapp'd
By bitter Frosts and Winter-Winds ; yet fierce
As hungry Lions of the Desert.
Their Wives with Loads of Children at their Backs,
Bold manly Hags, whom Shame had long forsook,
And vagrant living had inur'd to Ill,
Follow'd in Troops like Furies.

Mar. jun. And all was done too when that Dolt *Metellus*
Shrank like a Worm, and *Sylla* scarce was heard of.

Mar. sen. That curst *Metellus* still has been my Plague,
And ever done me most deliberate Wrong ;
Because, like a tame Hawk, I scorn'd to fly
Just at his Quarries, and attend his Lure.

Because

of Caius Marius.

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Because I grew too great for him in Wars,
And serv'd his Country well, he hates me. Twice
Have I already offer'd him Alliance,
And ask'd *Lavinia*, *Marius*, for thy Bed.
Beggary catch me when again I court him.
Why figh'st thou, Boy? Itill at the unlucky Name
Of that *Lavinia*, I have observ'd thee thus
With thy Looks fixed, as if thy Fate had seiz'd thee.

Mar. jun. Why did you name *Lavinia*? would sh'had ne'er
Been born, or that *Metellus* had not got her.

Mar. sen. Forget her, *Marius*, she's a dainty Bit,
A Delicate for none but *Sylla's* taste,
Th' Fav'rite *Sylla*, th' Idol that's set up
To blast thy Hopes and cloud thy Father's Glories.
Consider that, my *Marius*, and forget her.

Mar. jun. Forget her? Oh! sh'has Beauty might ensnare
A Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crowns
At random to be scuffled for by Slaves.
Forget her? Oh! teach me (great Parent) teach me;
Read me each Day a Lecture of the Wrongs
Done you by that inglorious Patrician,
Till my Heart know no Longings but Revenge,
And quite forget *Lavinia* e're dwelt there.
Methinks 'twould not be hard, e'en midst the Senate,
To strike this through him in his Consul's Chair.
Tumble him thence, and mount it in his stead.

Mar. sen. Oh! name not him and Consulship together:
Sylla and Consul? set 'em far apart
As East from West, for as they now are met,
It bodes Confusion, *Rome*, to thee and thine.

Gran. I'd rather see *Rome* but one Funeral Pile,
And all her People quitting her like Bees,
Driven by Sulphur from their Hives;
Much rather see her Senators in Chains
Dragg'd through the Streets to Death, and Slaves made Lords,
Than see that vain presumptuous Upstart's Pride
Succeed to lead the Armies you have bred.

Mar. sen. 'Tis such a wrong as even tortures Thought,
That we who've been her Champion forty Years,
Fought all her Battles with renowned Success,
And never lost her yet a Man in vain,
Should, now her Noblest Fortune is at Stake,
And *Mithridates* Sword is drawn, be thrown
Aside, like some old broken batter'd Shield:
To see my Laurels wither as I rust:
And all this manag'd by the cursed Craft,

Petulant

Petulant Envy, and malignant Spight
Of that old barking Senate's Dog *Metellus*.
Stake me, just Gods, with Thunder to the Earth,
Lay my gray Hairs low in the Cave of Death,
Rather than live in mem'ry of such Shame.

Gran. Perish *Metellus* first, and all his Race.

Mar. sen. There spoke the Soul of *Marius*. By the head
Of *Jove*,

I hate him worse than Famine or Diseases.
Perish his Family, let inveterate Hate
Commence between our Houses from this moment;
And meeting never let 'em Bloodless part.
Go, *Granius*, bid *Sulpitius* straight be ready
To meet me with his Guards upon the *Forum*.
By all the Gods, I'll chase the Dæmon out,
That rages thus in *Rome*; or let her Blood
To that degree, 'till she grow tame enough
To tremble at the Rod of my Revenge,
Why didst not thou applaud me for the Thought,
Take m' in thy Arms, and cherish my old Heart?
'T had been a lucky Omen. Art thou dumb?

Mar. jun. As dumb as solemn Sorrow ought to be.
Could my Griefs speak, the Tale would have no end.
Must I resolve to hate *Metellus* Race,
Yet know *Lavinia* took her being thence?
Lavinia! Oh! there's Musick in the Name,
That softning to infinite Tenderness,
Makes my Heart spring like the first leaps of Life.

Mar. sen. Then thou art lost: If thou art Man and *Roman*,
If thou hast Vertue in thee, or canst prize
Thy Father's Honour, Scorn her like a Slave.
Hell! Love her? Damn her: there's *Metellus* in her.
In every Line of her bewitching Face,
There's a Resemblance tells whose Brood she came of.
I'd rather see thee in a Brothel trapt,
And basely Wedded to a Russian's Whore,
Than thou shouldst think to taint my Generous Blood
With the base Puddle of that o'er-fed Gown-man.

Lavinia? ———

Mar. jun. Yes, *Lavinia*: is she not
As harmless as the Turtle of the Woods?
Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields?
As opening Flow'rs untainted yet with Winds,
The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense?
Why first did you bewitch me to weakness?
When from the Sacrifice we came together,

of Caius Marius.

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And as by her's our Chariot drove along,
These were your words: That, *Marius*, that is she
That must give Happiness to thee and *Rome*,
Confirming in thy Arms my wish'd for Peace
With old *Metellus*, and break *Sylla's* Heart.

Mar. sen. Then she was charming.

Mar. jun. Oh! I found her so.

I look and gaz'd and never miss'd my Heart,
It fled so pleasingly away. But now
My Soul is all *Lavinia's*, now she's fixt
Firm in my Heart by secret Vows made there,
Th' indelible Records of Faithful Love.
You'd have me hate her. Can my Nature change?
Create me o'er again—and I may be
That haughty Master of my self you'd have me:
But as I am, the Slave of strong Desires,
That keep me struggling under. Though I see
The hopeless state of my unhappy Love;
With Torment, like a stubborn Slave that lies
Chain'd to the Floor, stretch'd helpless on his back,
I look to Liberty and break my Heart.

Mar. sen. Has she yet heard your Love, or granted her's?

Mar. jun. If Eyes may speak the Language of the Heart,
If ten'rest Glances, Sighs and sudden Blushes
May be interpreted for Love in one
So Young, so Fair, and Innocent as she,
Our Souls can ne'er be Strangers.—

Mar. sen. No more: I'll have *Lavinia* nam'd no more.
When next thou nam'st, let it be with Infamy.
Tell me, sh'has whor'd or fled her Father's House
With some course Slave t' a secret Cell of Lust,
And then I'll bless thee.

Mar. jun. I shall obey. Gods, from your Skies look down,
And find like me one wretched if you can.
No, Sir, I'll speak that hateful name no more,
But be as Curst as you can wish your Son.

Enter Sulpitius.

Mar. sen. Oh *Sulpitius*!

Thou darling of m' Ambition, art thou come?
What News?

Sulpit. I've left a Present at your House,
The Head of a *Metellus*, a gay, tall,
Young thing, that was in time t'have been a Lord,
But he's but Worm's meat now.

Mar. sen.

Mar. sen. My best *Sulpitius*,
 Thou always comfort'st me. See here a Man,
 A Stranger to my Blood as well as Fortune,
 But meerly of his choice my Honour's Friend:
 What mighty things would he not do for me?
 Could'st thou, when Honour call'd thee, whine for Love? —

Sulpit. How? my young Son of War in Love? with whom?

Mar. jun. A Woman, Sir. — I must not speak her Name.

Sulpit. If it be hopeless Love, use generous Means,
 And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound.
 Take in a new Infection to the Heart,
 And the rank Poyson of the old will die. —

Mar. jun. A Plantane-Leaf is excellent for that.

Sulpit. For what?

Mar. jun. For broken Shins.

Sulpit. Why? art thou mad?

Mar. jun. Not Mad, but bound more than a Mad-man is,
 Confin'd to Limits, kept without my Food,
 Whipt and tormented, — Prithee do not wake me;
 Let me dream on —

Sulpit. Oh! the small Queen of Fairies
 Is busie in his Brains; the *Mab* that comes
 Drawn by a little Team of smallest Atoms
 Over Men's Noses as they lie asleep,
 In a Chariot of an empty Hazel-nut
 Made by a Joyner-Squirrel: in which State
 She gallops Night by Night through Lovers Brains,
 And then how wickedly they dream, all know.
 Sometimes she courses o'er a Courtier's Nose,
 And then he dreams of begging an Estate.
 Sometimes she hurries o're a Souldier's Neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign Throats,
 Of Breaches, Ambuscado's, temper'd Blades.
 Of good rich Winter-quarters, and false Musters.
 Sometimes she tweaks a Poet by the Ear,
 And then dreams he
 Of Panegyrick, flatt'ring Dedications,
 And mighty Presents from the Lord knows who,
 But wakes as empty as he laid him down.
 She has been with *Sylla* too, and he dreams now
 Of nothing but a Consulship.

Mar. sen. A Rattle!

Give the fantastick giddy Boy a Rattle;
 The Puling Fondling should not want a Play-thing.
 A Consulship?

Sulpit. By all the Gods, he'll shake it.

H'has drawn a Force from *Capua* here to *Rome*,
As if he meant Destruction or Success :
The Rabble too were drunk with him already.——

Mar. sen. Alarm all our Citizens to Arms
That are my Friends. Draw you your Guards together,
And take Possession of the *Forum*. Thou,
Inglorious Boy, behold my Face no more,
Till thou'lt done something worthy of my Name.

Mar. jun. First perish *Rome*, and all I hold most dear,
Rather than let me feel my Father's Hate——

Mar. sen. Why, that's well said——

Sulpit. My Troops are all together,
All ready on the *Forum*: But the Heav'ns
Play Tricks with us. Our Ensigns as they stood
Displayed before our Troops, took Fire untouch'd,
And burnt to Tinder.

Three Ravens brought their young ones in the Streets,
Devouring 'em before the People's Eyes,
Then bore the Garbage back into their Nests,
A noise of Trumpets rattling in the Air
Was heard, and dreadful Cries of dying Men.

Mar. sen. It was the *Roman* Genius that warns
Me, her old Friend, not to let slip my Fate.
Ambition! Oh, Ambition! If I've done
For thee things great and well——shall Fortune now
Forfake me?

Hark thee, *Sulpitius*, if it come to Blows,
Let not a Hair of that *Metellus* 'scape thee,
Who'd strip my Age of its more dear-bought Honours.
Else why have I thus bustling in the World,
Through various and uncertain Fortunes hurl'd,
But to be Great, unequall'd and alone?
Which only he can be who still spurs on
As swift at last as when he first begun——

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First ACT.

A C T II.

Enter Metellus and Nurse.

Metell. I Cannot rest to Night : Ill-boding Thoughts
Have chas'd soft Sleep from my unsettled Brains.

This seems *Lavinia's* Chamber, and she up.
Rest too to Night has been a Stranger here.

Lavinia! My Daughter, ho! Where art thou?

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead (at twelve Years old I had one,)
Come, what Lamb? What, Lady-bird? Gods forbid.
Where's this Girl *Lavinia*?

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. How now? Who calls?

Nurse. Your Father, Child.

Lavin. I'm here. Your Lordship's Pleasure.

Metell. Why up at this unlucky time of Night,
When nought but loathsome Vermine are abroad,
Or Witches gathering pois'nous Herbs for Spells
By the pale Light of the cold waning Moon?

Lavin. Alas! I could not sleep: in a sad Dream
Methought I saw one standing by my Bed,
To warn me I should have a care of Sleep,
For 'twould be baneful——

Metell. Dreams give Children Fears.

Lavin. At which I rose from my uneasy Pillows,
And to my Closet went, to pray the Gods
T'avert the unlucky Omen.

Metell. 'Twas well done.

Nurse. Give us leave a while: I must impart
Something to my *Lavinia*. Yet stay,
And hear it too. Thou know'st *Lavinia's* Age.

Nurse. Faith; I know her Age to an hour.

Metell. She's bare Sixteen.

Nurse. I'll lay sixteen of my Teeth of it; and yet no Disparagement, I have but fix, She's not Sixteen. How long is't now since *Marius* triumph'd last!

Metell. No matter, Woman; what's that to thee?

Nur. Even or odd, of all days in the Year, since *Marius* enter'd
Rome

Rome in Triumph, 'tis now even Thirteen Years. Young *Marius* then too was but a Boy. My *Lais* and she were both of an Age. Well, *Lais* is in Happiness, she was too good for me. But as I was saying, a Month hence she'll be Sixteen. 'Tis since *Marius* triumph'd now full Thirteen Years, and then she was weaned. Sure I shall never forget it of all days.—Upon that day (for I had then laid Wormseed to my Breast, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house-wall) my Lady and you were at the Show. Nay, I do bear a Brain! But, as I said before, when it did taste the Wormseed on my Nipple, and felt it bitter, pretty Fool! to see it teachy and fall out with the Nipple. Shout, quoth the People in the Streets. 'Twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And since that time it is Thirteen Years; and then she cou'd stand alone, nay, she cou'd run and waddle all about: For just the day before, she broke her Forehead, and then my Husband (Peace be with him, he was a merry Man) took up the Baggage. Ay, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy Face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more Wit; wilt thou not, *Vinny*? and by my sackins, the pretty Chit left Crying, and said, Ay.—I warrant and I should live a Thousand Years, I never should forget it. Wilt thou not, *Vinny*, quoth he; and pretty Fool, it stopt, and said Ay.

Metell. Enough of this; stop thy impertinet Chat.

Nurse. Yes, my Lord: yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, Ay.—And yet in sadness it had a Bump on its Brow as big as a Cockril's Stone, a parlous Knock, and it cried bitterly. Ay, quoth my Husband, fall'st upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to Age, wilt thou not *Vinny*? Look you now, it stinted, and said, Ay.—

Metell. Intolerable trifling Gossip, peace.

Nurse. Well; thou wast the pretty'st Babe that e're I nurs'd. Might I but live to see thee married once, I should be happy. It stinted, and said, Ay.

Metell. What think you of Marriage, my *Lavinia*? It was the Subject that I came to treat of.

Lavin. It is a thing I have not dreamt of yet.

Nurse. Thing? the thing of Marriage? were I not thy Nurse, I would swear thou hadst suckt thy Wisdom from thy Teat. The Thing?

Metell. Think of it now then, for I come to make Proposals may be worthy of your Wishes. They are for *Sylla*, the young, the gay, the handsome, Noble in Birth and Mind, the Valiant *Sylla*.

Nurse. A Man, Young Lady, Lady, such a Man as all the world—why he's a Man of Wax.

Metell. Consider Child, my Hopes are all in Thee, And now Old Age gains ground so fast upon me,

'Mongst all its sad Infirmities, my Fears
 For thee are not the smallest.
 Therefore I've made Alliance with this *Sylla*,
 A high-born Lord, and of the noblest Hopes
 That *Rome* can boast, to give thee to his Arms;
 So in the Winter of my Age to find
 Rest from all worldly Cares, and kind rejoycing
 In the warm Sunshine of thy Happiness.

Lavin. If Happiness be seated in Content,
 Or that my being blest'd can make you so,
 Let me implore it on my Knees. I am
 Your only Child, and still, through all the Course
 Of my past Life have been obedient too:
 And as y' have ever been a loving Parent,
 And bred me up with watchful tender't Care,
 Which never cost me hitherto a Tear;
 Name not that *Sylla* any more, indeed
 I cannot love him.

Metell. Why?

Lavin. Indeed I cannot.

Metell. Oh early Disobedience! by the Gods,
 Debauch'd already to her Sex's Folly,
 Perverseness, and untoward head-strong Will!

Lavin. Think me not so; I gladly shall submit
 To any thing; nay must submit to all:
 Yet think a little, or you sell my Peace.
 The Rites of Marriage are of mighty moment:
 And should you violate a thing so sacred
 Into a lawful Rape, and load my Soul
 With hateful Bonds, which never can grow easie,
 How miserable am I like to be?

Met. Has then some other taken up your Heart?
 And banish'd Duty as an Exile thence?
 What sensual lewd Companion of the Night
 Have you been holding Conversation with,
 From open Windows at a midnight Hour,
 When your loose Wishes would not let you sleep?

Lavin. If I should love, is that a Fault in one
 So young as I? I cannot guess the Cause,
 But when you first nam'd *Sylla* for my Love,
 My Heart thrunk back as if you'd done it wrong,
 If I did love, I'd tell you——if I durst.

Oh *Marius*!

Metell. Hah!

Lavin. 'Twas *Marius*, Sir, I nam'd,
 That Enemy to you and all your House.

'Twas an unlucky Omen that he first
Demanded me in Marriage for his Son.
Yet, Sir, believe me, I as soon cou'd wed
That *Marius*, whom I've cause to hate, as *Sylla*.

Metell. No more; by all the Gods, 'twill make me mad,
That daily, nightly, hourly, every way
My care has been to make thy Fortune high;
And having now provided thee a Lord
Of Noblest Parentage, of fair Demesns,
Early in Fame, Youthful, and well ally'd,
In every thing as thought cou'd wish a Man,
To have at last a wretched puling Fool,
A whining Suckling, ignorant of her Good,
To answer, *I'll not wed, I cannot love.*
If thou art mine resolve upon Compliance,
Or think no more to rest beneath my Roofs.
Go, try thy risk in fortune's barren Field,
Graze where thou wilt, but think no more of me,
Till thy Obedience welcome thy Return.

Lavin. Will you then quite cast off your poor *Lavinia*?
And turn me like a Vagrant out of Doors,
To wander up and down the Streets of *Rome*,
And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Master's plenty, when I ask
A little pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Night,
To seek a shelter under dropping Eves,
A-Porch my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow,
Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of Food,
Swell'd with my Sighs, and almost choak'd with Tears?
Must I at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great Men implore Relief in Vain?
Must I, your poor *Lavinia*, bear all this,
Because I am not Mistress of my Heart,
Or cannot love according to your liking?

Metell. Art thou not Mistress of thy Heart then?

Lavin. No.

'Tis given away.

Metell. To whom?

Lavin. I dare not tell.

But I'll endeavour strangely to forget him,
If you'll forget but *Sylla*.

Metell. Thou dost well.

Conceal his Name if thou'dst preserve his Life.
For if there be a Death in *Rome* that might

Be bought, it should not miss him. From this hour
 Curst be thy Purposes, most curst thy Love.
 And if thou marry'st, in thy Wedding-Night
 May all the Curses of an injured Parent
 Fall thick, and blast the Blessings of thy Bed.

Lavin. What have you done? alas! Sir, as you spoke,
 Methought the Fury of your words took place,
 And struck my Heart, like Lightning, dead within me.
 Gone too?

[*Exit Metellus.*]

Is there no Pity sitting in the Clouds
 That sees into the bottom of my Grief?
 Alas! that ever Heaven should practise Stratagems
 Upon so soft a Subject as my self!

What say'st Thou? hast thou not a word of Joy?
 Some Comfort, Nurse, in this Extremity.

Nurse. Marry, and there's but need on't: 'ods my Life, this
 Dad of ours was an arrant Wag in his young Days for all this.
 Well, and what then? *Marius* is a Man, and so's *Sylla*. Oh! but
Marius's Lip! and then *Sylla's* Nose and Forehead! But then
Marius's Eye again! how 'twill sparkle, and twinkle, and rowl,
 and fleer? But to see *Sylla* a Horse-back! But to see *Marius* Walk
 or Dance! such a Leg, such a Foot, such a Shape, such a Mo-
 tion. Ah a... Well *Marius* is the Man, must be the Man, and
 shall be the Man.

Lavin. He's by his Father's Nature rough and fierce,
 And knows not yet the Follies of my Love:
 And when he does, perhaps may scorn and hate me.

Nurse. Yes, yes, he's a rude, unmannerly, ill-bred Fellow. He
 is not the Flow'r of Courtesie; but, i'll warrant him, as Gentle
 as a Lamb. Go thy ways, Child, serve God; What? a Father's
 an old Man, and old Men they say will take care. But a Young
 Man! Girl, ah! a Young Man! There's a great deal in a Young
 Man, and thou shalt have a Young Man. What? I have been thy
 Nurse these Sixteen Years, and I should know what's good for thee
 surely. Oh! ay... a Young Man!

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Lavin. Now prethee leave me to my self a while.
 'Tis hardly yet within two hours of Day.

Sad Nights seem long... I'll down into the Garden.
 The Queen of Night

Shines fair with all her Virgin-stars about her.

Not one amongst 'em all a Friend to me:

Yet by their Light a while I'll guide my steps,

And think what course my wretched state must take.

Oh, *Marius*!

[*Exit Lavinia.*]

S C E N E.

A Walled Garden belonging to Metellus's House.

Enter Marius Junior.

Mar. jun. **H**OW vainly have I spent this idle Night!
Even Wine can't heal the ragings of my Love.
This sure should be the Mansion of *Lavinia*;
For in such Groves the Deities first dwelt.
Can I go forward when my Heart is here?
Turn back, dull Earth, and find thy Centre out.

[Enters the Garden.]

Enter Granus and Sulpitius.

Gran. This way—he went—Why, *Marius!* Brother *Marius!*

Sulp. Perhaps he's wife, and gravely gone to Bed.
There's not so weak a Drunkard as a Lover;
One Bottle to his Lady's Health quite addles him.

Gran. He ran this way, and leaped this Orchard-wall.
Call, good *Sulpitius*.

Sulp. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Marius!* Humours! Passion! mad-man Lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a Sigh.
Speak but one Word and I am satisfied.
He hears not, neither stirs he yet. Nay then
I conjure you by the bright *Lavinia's* Eyes,
By her bright Forehead, and her Scarlet Lip,
By her fine Foot, strait Leg, and quivering Thigh,
And the Demesns that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Gran. Hold, good *Sulpitius*, this will anger him—

Sulp. This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
To raise a Spirit in his Lady's Arms,
Till she had laid and charm'd it down agen.

Gran. Let's go; he has hid himself among these Trees,
To dye his Melancholy Mind in Night.
Blind is his Love, and best befits the Dark.

Sulp. Pox o'this Love, this little Scarcrow Love,
That frights Fools with his painted Bow of Lath
Out of their feeble sense.

Gran. Stop there——let's leave the Subject and its Slave;
Or burn *Metellus's* House about his Ears.

Sulp.

Sulp. This morning *Sylla* means to enter *Rome*:
 Your Father too demands the Consulship,
 Yet now when he shou'd think of cutting Throats,
 Your Brother's lost; lost in a maze of Love,
 The idle Truantry of Callow Boys.
 I'd rather trust my Fortunes with a Daw,
 That hops at every Butterfly he sees,
 Than have to do in Honour with a Man
 That sells his Vertue for a Woman's Smile——

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Marius junior in the Garden.*

Mar. jun. He laughs at Wounds that never felt their smart.
 What Light is that which breaks through yonder Shade? { *Lavinia in*
 Oh! 'tis my Love. { *the Balcony*
 She seems to hang upon the Cheek of Night,
 Fairer than Snow upon the Raven's Back,
 Or a rich Jewel in an *Athiop's* Ear.
 Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright,
 That Birds would sing, and think the Day were Breaking.

Lavin. Ah me!*Mar. jun.* She speaks.

Oh! speak agen, bright Angel: for thou art
 As Glorious to this Night, as Sun at Noon
 To the admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,
 When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
 And sails upon the Bosom of the Air.

Lavin. O *Marius, Marius!* wherefore art thou *Marius*?
 Deny thy Family, renounce thy Name:
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my Love,
 And I'll no longer call *Metellus* Parent.

Mar. jun. Shall I hear this, and yet keep silence?*Lavin.* No.

'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy.
 Thou would'st be still thy self, though not a *Marius*,
 Belov'd of me, and charming as thou art.
 What's in a Name? that which we call a Rose,
 By any other Name wou'd smell as sweet.
 So *Marius*, were he not *Marius* call'd,
 Be still as dear to my desiring Eyes,
 Without that Title. *Marius*, lose thy Name,
 And for that Name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all *Lavinia*.

Mar. jun. At thy word I take thee.
 Call me but Thine, and Joys will so transport me,
 I shall forget my self, and quite be chang'd.

Lavin.

Lavin. Who art thou, that thus hid and veil'd in Night,
Hast overheard my Follies?

Mar. jun. By a Name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My Name, dear Creature's hateful to my self:
Because it is an Enemy to thee.

Lavin. *Marius?* how cam'st thou hither? tell, and, why?
The Orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place Death, consid'ring who thou art,
If any of our Family here find thee,
By whose Directions didst thou find this place?

Mar. jun. By Love, that first did prompt me to enquire.
He lent me Counsel, and I lent him Eyes.
I am no Pilot; yet wert thou as far
As the vast Shoar washt by the farthest Sea,
I'd hazard Ruine for a Prize so dear.

Lavin. Oh *Marius!* vain are all such Hopes and Wishes.
The hand of Heav'n has thrown a Bar between us,
Our Houses Hatred and the Fate of *Rome*,
Where none but *Sylla* must be happy now.
All bring him Sacrifices of some Sort,
And I must be a Victim to his Bed.
To night my Father broke the dreadful News;
And when I urg'd him for the Right of Love,
He threatn'd me to banish me his House,
Naked and shiftless to the World. Would'st thou,
Marius, receive a Beggar to thy Bosom?

Mar. jun. Oh! were my Joys but fixt upon that point,
I'd then shake hands with Fortune, and be Friends;
Thus grasp my Happiness, embrace it thus,
And blest th'ill turn that gave thee to my Arms.

Lavin. Thou know'st the Mark of Night is on my Face,
Else should I blush for what thou'st heard me speak.
Fain would I dwell on Form; fain, fain deny
The things I've said: but farewell all such Follies.
Dost thou then love? I know thou'lt say thou dost;
And I must take thy word, though thou prove false.

Mar. jun. By yon bright *Cynthia's* Beams that shines above.

Lavin. Oh! swear not by the Moon, th'Inconstant Moon,
That changes monthly, and shines but by Seasons,
Lest that thy Love prove variable too.

Mar. jun. What shall I swear by?

Lavin. Do not swear at all.
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy Gracious self,
Who art the God of my Idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

The History and Fall

Mar. jun. Witness all ye Pow'rs and spirits, none are off! now!

Lavin. Nay, do not swear: Although my Joy be great,
I'm hardly satisfy'd with this Night's Contract:
It seems too rash, too unadvis'd and sudden,
Too like the Lightning, which does cease to be
E're one can say it is. Therefore this time
Good-night, my *Marius*: May a happier hour
Bring us to crown our Wishes.

Mar. jun. Why wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd?

Lavin. What wouldst thou have?

Mar. jun. Th'Exchange of Love for mine.

Lavin. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I wish I could retrieve it back.

Mar. jun. Why?

Lavin. But to be frank, and give it thee agen:
My Bounty is as boundless as the Sea,
My Love as deep: the more I give to thee,
The more I have: for both are infinite.
I here a Noise within. Farewel, my *Marius*;
Or stay a little, and I'll come agen.

Mar. jun. Stay; sure for ever.

Lavin. Three words, and, *Marius*, then Good-night indeed.
If that thy Love be Honourably meant,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
And all my Fortunes at thy feet I'll lay.

Nurse within. Madam!

Lavin. I come anon. But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,

Nurse within. Madam! Madam!

Lavin. By and by, I come.

To cease thy Suit, and leave me to Griefs.

To morrow I will send.——

[Exit.

Mar. jun. So thrive my Soul. Is not all this a Dream,
Too lovely, sweet and flatt'ring to be true?

Re-enter Lavinia.

Lavin. Hift, *Marius*, hift. Oh for a Falkner's Voice,
To lure this Tassel-gentle back agen.
Restraint has Fears, and may not speak aloud:
Else would I tear the Cave where Echo lies,
With repetition of my *Marius*.——

Mar. jun. It is my Love that calls me back agen.
How sweetly Lovers Voices found by night!
Like softest Musick to attending Ears.

Lavin. *Marius*.

Mar. jun. My Dear.

Lavin. What a clock to morrow?

Mar. jun. At the hour of nine.

Lavin.

Lavin. I will not fail: 'Tis twenty years till then.
Why did I call thee back?

Mar. jun. Let me here stay till thou remember'st why.

Lavin. The morning's breaking, I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a Wanton's Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
To pull it by his Fetters back agen.

Mar. jun. Would I were thine.

Lavin. Indeed and so would I:
Yet I should kill thee sure with too much Cherishing.
No more.—Good night.

Mar. jun. There's such sweet pain in parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my life into thy Eyes.

Lavin. To morrow will come.

Mar. jun. So it will. Good night.
Heav'n be thy Guard; and all its Blessings wait thee——[*Ex. Lavin.*
To morrow! 'tis no longer: But Desires
Are swift, and longing Love wou'd lavish time,
To morrow! oh to morrow! till that come,
The tedious hours move heavily away,
And each long minute seems a lazy day.
Already Light is mounted in the Air,
Striking it self through every Element.
Our Party will by this time be abroad,
To try the Fate of *Marius* and *Rome*.
Love and Renown sure court me thus together.
Smile, smile, ye Gods, and give Success to both. [Exit.

SCENE, the Forum.

Enter Four Citizens.

3 *Cit.* WELL, Neighbour, now we are here, what must we do?

1 *Cit.* Why, you must give your Vote for *Caius Marius* to be Consul: And if any Body speaks against you knock 'em down.

2 *Cit.* The truth on't is, there's nothing like a civil Government, where good Subjects may have leave to knock Brains out to maintain Privileges.

3 *Cit.* Look you—but what's this *Sylla*? this *Sylla*? I've heard great talk of him.—He's a damnable fighting Fellow they say but hang him—he's a Lord.

1 *Cit.* Ay, so he is, Neighbours: And I know not why any one should be a Lord more than another. I care not for a Lord: What good do they do? nothing but run in our debts, and lie with our Wives——

4 *Cit.* Why, there's a Grievance now. I have three Boys at home, no more mine than *Rome's* mine. They are all fair curl'd hair *Cupids*; and I am an honest black tauny Kettle-fac'd Fellow.—— I'll ha' no Lords.—— [*Drums and Trumpets.*]

1 *Cit.* Hark! hark! Drums and Trumpets! Drums and Trumpets! They are coming. Be you sure you rore out for a *Marius*: and do as much Mischief as you can.——

Enter Marius senior and his Sons, Marius born upon the Shoulders of two Roman Slaves; Sulpitius at the head of the Guards.

[*Trumpets.*]

Sulpit. Hearken, ye Men of *Rome*. I, I, *Sulpitius*, Your Tribune, and Protector of your Freedoms, By Virtue of that Office here have call'd you To chuse a Consul. *Mithridates* King of *Pontus* has begun a War upon us, Invaded our Allies, our Edicts violated, And threatens *Rome* it self. Whom will you chuse To lead you forth in this most glorious War? *Marius*, or *Sylla*?

All Cit. A *Marius*! a *Marius*! a *Marius*!

Mar. sen. Country-men, And Fellow-Citizens, my Brethren all, Or, if it may be thought a dearer name, My Sons, my Children, Glory of my Age; I come not hither arm'd to force your Suffrage, As *Sylla* does to enter *Rome* with Pow'r, As if he meant a Triumph o're his Country. I have not made a Party in the Senate, To bring you into Slavery, or load Your Necks with the hard Yoke of Lordly Pow'r. I am no Noble, but a Free-born Man, A Citizen of *Rome*, as all you are, A Lover of your Liberties and Laws, Your Rights and Privileges. Witness here These Wounds, which in your Service I have got, And best plead for me.——

All Cit. *Marius*! *Marius*! *Marius*! No *Sylla*! no *Sylla*! no *Sylla*!

Sulpit. No more remains, Most honourable Consul, but that streight you mount The Seat-Tribunal——Lictors, bring your Rods, And Fasces, and present them here. Hail *Caius* *Marius*. Consul of the War.

Trumpets.

Trumpets. Enter Metellus, Cinna, Antonius, Quintus Pompeius, his Son, &c. Guards.

Metell. See, Romans, there the Ruine of your Freedom.
 The blazing Meteor that bodes ill to *Rome*.
 Oppression, Tyranny, Avarice and Pride,
 All centre in that melancholick Brow.
 If you are mad for Slavery, long to try
 The weight of absolute Chains, once more proclaim him,
 And shout so loud till *Mithridates* hear,
 And laugh to think your Throats fit for his Sword.
 Take me, take all your Senators, and drag
 Us headlong to the *Tyber*, — plunge us in,
 And bid adieu to Liberty for ever —
 Then turn and fall before your new-made God;
 Bring your Estates, your Children and your Wives,
 And lay 'em at the Feet of his Ambition.
 This you must do, and well it will become
 Such Slaves, who sell their Charters for a Holy-day.

Cit. No Marius! no Marius!

Metell. Quintus Pompeius, in the Senate's Name,
 As Consul, we command thee to demand
 Justice of *Marius*, and proclaim him Traitor.

Q. Pomp. Descend then, Marius, Traitor to the State
 And Liberty of *Rome*, and hear thy Sentence.

Mar. sen. Now, by the Gods, this Cause is worthy of me,
 Worthy my Fate.

Is this the Right and Liberty of *Rome*,
 To pull its lawful Consul from his Seat,
 Unjudg'd, and brand him with the mark of Traitor?
 Draw all your Swords, all you that are my Friends.

Sulpitius, damn the Rabble, let 'em fall.

Like common Dross with that well-spoken Fool,
 That popular Clack: or let us sell our Fates
 So dear, that *Rome* may sicken with our Fall.

All Cit. No Marius! no Marius! Down with him, down with him.

Sulp. Ha! What art thou?

Q. Pomp. The Consul's Son.

Sulp. A Worm;

A thin Skin full of Dirt; and thus I tread thee
 Into thy Mother Earth. —

[Kills him.]

Mar. sen. Drag hence that Traitor,
 And bring me straight his Head upon thy Dart.
 The Fate of *Rome's* begun.

Q. Pomp. Our Children murther'd,

Thus

Thus massacred before our Eyes? Come all
That love *Pompeius*, and revenge his loss.

Sulpit. Fall on.

All Cit. No *Marius*! no *Marius*! Liberty! Liberty! &c.

*{ They fight, Ma-
rius Conquers. --*

Mar. sen. Thanks for this good Beginning, Gods, These Slaves,
These wide-mouth'd Brutes that bellow thus for Freedom,
Oh! how they ran before the hand of pow'r,
Flying for shelter into every Brake!
Like cow'rdly fearful Sheep they break their Herd,
When the Wolf's out and ranging for his Prey.
Sulpitius, thy Guards did noble Service.

Sulpit. Oh! they are Fellows fit for you and I,
Fit for the work of Power: say the word,
Not one amongst 'em all but what shall run,
Take an old grumbling Senator by th'Beard,
And shake his Head off from his shrinking Shoulders.

Mar. sen. *Sylla*, I hear, is at the Gates of *Rome*.
Proclaim straight Liberty to every Slave
That will but own the Cause of *Caius Marius*.
Horror, Confusion, and inverted Order,
Vast Desolation, Slaughter, Death and Ruine
Must have their courses e're this Ferment settle.

' Thus the Great *Jove* above, who rules alone,
' When Men forget his God-like Pow'r to own,
' Uses no common means, no common ways,
' But sends forth Thunder, and the World obeys. [Ex. omnes.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

Enter Sulpitius, Granus, and all the Guards.

Sulpit. **R**ome never saw a morning sere like this:
Now she begins to know the Rod of Pow'r;
Her wanton blood can smart.

Were I the Consul, not a Head in *Rome*
That had but Thoughts of *Sylla*, should stand safe.

Gran. Slaughter shou'd have continu'd with the day.
Mercy but gives Sedition time to rally.
Every soft, pliant, talking buisie Rogue,
Gathering a Flock of hot-brain'd Fools together,
Can preach up new Rebellion. Till the Heads
Of all those heavenly-inspired Knaves be crush'd,
No Power can be safe——

Sulpit. Much will this day
Determine; *Sylla's* now before the Walls,
And all his Forces ready for Command.
Four thousand Slaves have taken hold on Freedom,
And come on Proclamation to our side.

Gran. Where should my Brother be? He came not home to-night.

Sulpit. Think of him as a Wretch that's dead,
Stabb'd with an Eye, run through the Brains with Love.

Gran. He talkt of sending *Sylla* a Defiance.

Sulpit. Writ with a Pen made of a *Cupid's* Quill.

Gran. Why, what is *Sylla*?

Sulpit. A most courageous Captain at a Congee:
He fights by measure, as your Artists sing,
Keeps Distance, Time, Proportion, rests his Rests,
One, two, and the third in your Guts.
Oh! he's the very Butcher of a Button.

Gran. Would I could see my Brother. That damn'd Love
Of Women ruins noblest Purposes.

Sulpit. That Sex was first in mockery of us made.
They are the false deceitful Glasses where
We gaze and dress our selves to all the Shapes
Of Folly. What is't Woman cannot do?
She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,
And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,
Where Fops have daily entrance: make a Priest,
Forgetting the Hypocrisie of's Office,

Dance and show tricks, to prove his strength and brawn:
 Make a Projector quibble, an old Judge
 Put on false hair, and paint: and after all,
 Though she be known the lewdest of her Sex,
 She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest.
 Your Father promis'd me to meet me here.
 I wonder he delays so long.

Gran. He comes.

And with him too my Brother.

Sulpit. See your General,
 Salute him all my Fellow-soldiers.

Mar. sen. This,
Sulpitius, looks like Power. *Granius*, here
 Receive thy Brother to thy Arms and bless him:
 H'has done a thing most worthy of our Name,
 Sent a Defiance into *Sylla's* Camp,
 Challenging forth the Stoutest Champion there,
 In Vindication of his Father's Cause,
 And not an Out-law there dare send his Answer.
 Once more, *Sulpitius*, are the People ours,
 Enrag'd with *Sylla's* coming arm'd, to force
 The City. At the *Celimontane* Gate
 He's posted now, let's send him straight Commands
 I'th' name o'th' Senate and the *Roman* People,
 T'advance no farther, till the State of *Rome*
 Be heard in publick, and my Choice confirm'd,
 Or he continu'd Consul. —

Sulp. That would be
 But to prolong Necessity; for *Rome*
 Must bleed: and since the Rabble now is ours,
 Keep the Fools hot, Preach Dangers in their Ears,
 Spread false Reports o'th' Senate, working up
 Their madness to a Fury quick and desp'rate,
 Till they run Headlong into Civil Discords,
 And do our Business with their own Destruction.

Granius, go thou,
 Send word to *Sylla* that he lay down Arms,
 And render up himself to *Rome*.

Mar. jun. There's still
 A dangerous Wheel at work, a thoughtful Villain,
Cinna, wh'has rais'd his Fortune by the Jars
 And Discords of his Country: like a Fly
 O'er Flesh, he buzzes about itching Ears,
 Till he has vented his Infection there,
 To fester into Rancor and Sedition.
 Would he were safe.

Mar. sen.

Mar. sen. And safe he shall be: let him be proscrib'd
The Fine upon his Head its weight in Gold.
Wou'd I cou'd buy *Metellus's* as cheap.
I have a tender Foolishness within me
May sometimes get the better of my Rage.
Sulpitius, therefore keep me warm; still ply
My ebbing Fury with the thoughts of *Sylla*,
Th' ungrateful Senate, and *Metellus* Pride;
And let not any thing may make me dreadful
Be left undone. Now to our Troops let's hasten,
And wait for *Sylla's* Answer at our Arms.

[*Ex. Mar. sen.*
and *Granius.*

Sulp. Is not this better now than whining Love?
Now thou again art *Marius*, Son of Arms,
Thy Father's Honour, and thy Friends Delight.

Enter Nurse and Clodius.

Mar. jun. Sulpitius, what comes here? A Sail, *Sulpitius*.

Sulpit. A tatter'd one, and weather-beaten much.
Many a boisterous Storm has she been tofs'd in,
And many a Pilot kept her to the Wind.

Nurse. Clodius.

Clod. Madam.

Sulpit. Madam.

Nurse. My Fan, *Clodius*.

Sulpit. Ay, good *Clodius*, to hide her Face.

Nurse. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Sulpit. Good even, fair Gentlewoman.

Nurse. Fair Gentlewoman! Really 'tis very hot.

Sulpit. It should be so by your Ladyships parch'd Face.

Nurse. Marry come up, my Gossip: whose Man are you?

Sulpit. A Woman's Man, my *Sybil*, would'st thou try
My Strength in Feats of amorous Engagement.
Lead me amongst the Beauteous, where they run
Wild in their Youth, and wanton to their Wildness,
Where I may chuse the foremost of the Herd,
And bear her trembling to some Bank bedeck'd
With sweetest Flowers, such as Joy would chuse
To dwell in; throw my inspir'd Arms about her,
And press her till she thought herself more bless'd
Than *Io* panting with the Joys of *Jove*..

Nurse. Panting? Joys? and *Jove*? Now by my troth 'tis very
pretty. But, Gentlemen, can any Body tell where I may find
young *Marius*?

Mar. jun. Yes, I can tell you, Madam. I am he.

E

Sulpit.

Sulpit. Hah! by this Light a Bawd! So ho!
Come let's away. I hate a Morning Bawd,
That stinks of last night's Office—— [Exit Sulpit.

Nurse. Pray, Sir, what sawcy Fellow's he that's gone?

Mar. jun. A Gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk;
and will speak more in a Minute than he'll stand to in a Month.

Nurse. And he speak any thing against me, I'll take him down,
and he were lustier than he is, and twenty such *Jacks*, or I'll find
those that shall. But now, Sir, I wish you much Joy——I hear
you are——

Mar. jun. Marry'd, this day the blessed deed was done.

When the unhappy Discords first took flame

Betwixt my Father and the Senate; then

A holy Priest of *Hymen*, whom with Gold

I brib'd to yield us privately his Office,

Joyn'd our kind Hands, and now She's ever mine.

Nurse. Well: 'fore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me
quivers. But pray, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young Lady
bade me find you out. What she bade me say, I'll keep to my self.
But first let me tell you, if you have led her into a Fool's Paradise,
as they say; for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you
should deal doubly with her, though you don't look like a Gentle-
man that wou'd use double dealing with a Lady.——

Mar. jun. Commend me to thy Lady, I protest——

Nurse. Good heart, and i'faith, I will tell as much. Lord! Lord!
she will be a joyful Woman.

Mar. jun. Bid her devise this Evening to receive
Me at her Window: Here is for thy pains——

[Gives money.

Nurse. No truly, Sir; not a *Drachma*.

Mar. jun. Away; I say you shall.

Nurse. This Evening, say you? well, she shall be there.

Mar. jun. And stay, kind Nurse, behind the Garden-wall.
Within this Hour my Man shall meet thee there,
And bring thee Cords like a Tackling-Ladder,
Which to the blessed Mansion of my Joy
Must be my Condu&t in the Secret Night.

Farewel,——be true, and I'll reward thy pains.

Nurse. Now Heav'ns bless thee.——Hark you, Sir.

Mar. jun. What say'st thou, Nurse?

Nurse. Nothing, but that my Mistress is the sweetest Lady. Lord!
Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing——Oh!——there's a
Spark, one *Sylla*, that would fain have a finger in the Pye,——but
she, good Soul, had as lieve hear of a Toad, a very Toad, as hear
of him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her *Sylla* is the properer
Man.——But I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any
Clout in the versal World. Well, you'll be sure to come.——

Mar. jun.

Mar. jun. As sure as Truth.

Nurse. Well, when it was a little thing, and us'd to lie with me, it wou'd so kick, so sprawl, and so play—and then I wou'd tickle it, and then it would laugh, and then it would play agen. When it had tickling and playing enough, it would go to sleep as gentle as a Lamb. I shall never forget it—Then you'll be sure to come——

Mar. jun. Can I forget to live?

Nurse. Nay, but swear though.

Mar. jun. By this Kifs, which thou shalt carry to *Lavinia*.

Nurse. Oh! dear Sir, by no means. Indeed you shall not. I have Been drinking *Aqua-vitæ*. Oh! those Eyes of yours!

Mar. jun. Till Night farewell.——

Nurse. Till Night; I'll say no more, but da, da. Come *Clodius*, Ah! those Eyes! [Ex. *Nurse and Clodius*.

Mar. jun. What pains she takes with her officious Folly?
How happy is the Evening-tide of Life,
When Phlegm has quench'd our Passions, trifling out
The feeble Remnant of our silly Days
In Follies, such as Dotage best is pleas'd with,
Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
That tofs the thoughtful, active, busie Mind?
Though this day be the dearest of my Life,
There's something hangs most heavy on my Heart,
And my Brain's sick with Dulness.

Enter Marius senior.

Mar. sen. Where's this Loyterer,
This most inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*?
With folded Arms and down-cast Eyes he stands,
The Marks and Emblem of a Woman's Fool.

Mar. jun. My Father.

Mar. sen. Call me by some other Name;
Disgrace me not: I'm *Marius*;
And surely *Marius* has small right in thee.
Would *Sylla's* Soul were thine, and thine were his,
That he, as thou hast done, now Glory calls,
Might run for shelter to a Woman's Arms,
And hide him in her Bosom like a Babe,

Mar. jun. Then I'm a Coward.

Mar. sen. Art thou not?

Mar. jun. I am,
That thus can bear Reproaches, and yet live.
Durst any Man but you have call'd me so?
Oh let me fall, embrace and kifs your Feet.
Y'have rais'd a Spirit in me prompts my Heart

To such a Work as Fame ne'r talk'd of yet.
How'll you dispose *Lavinia*?

Mar. sen. Let her fall,
As I would all her Family and Name,
Forgotten that they either ever gave
Thy Father's Head Dishonour, or thee Pain.

Mar. jun. 'Twas an unlucky Sentence. She's scarce more
Metellus's Daughter now than Your's: our Hands
Were by a Priest this Morning join'd. May Heav'n
Avert th'ill Omen, and preserve my Father.

Mar. sen. Marry'd? say ruin'd, lost and curst.

Mar. jun. Y'have torn
The Secret from me, and I wait your Doom.—

Mar. sen. Go where I never more may hear thee nam'd;
Go farthest from me, get thee to *Metellus*,
Fall on thy Knees, and henceforth call him Parent.
I've yet one Son, that surely won't forsake me:
Else in this Breast I still have glorious Thoughts,
That will at least give Lustre to my Ruine.
Farewel——my once best Hopes, now greatest Shame.

Mar. jun. Condemn me rather to the worst of Deaths,
Or send me chain'd to *Sylla* like a Slave,
Than banish me the Blessing of your presence.
I've thought and bounded all my Wishes so,
To die for you is Happiness enough;
'Twould be too much t'enjoy *Lavinia* too.

Mar. sen. Again *Lavinia*?

Mar. jun. Yes, this Coward Slave,
This most inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*,
Though wedded to the brightest Beauty, rais'd
To th'highest expectation of Delight,
Ev'n in this minute when Love prompts his Heart,
And tells what mighty Pleasures are preparing,
Is Master of a Mind unfetter'd yet.

Mar. sen. What can'st thou do?

Mar. jun. This Night I should have gone,
And ta'en possession of *Lavinia's* Bed.
But by the Gods, these Eyes no more shall see her,
Till I've done something that's above Reward,
And you your self present her to my Arms.

Mar. sen. Why dost thou talk thus to me?

Mar. jun. Hark!

The Trumpets sound, and business is at hand.
It seems as if our Guards upon the Walls
Were just engag'd, and *Sylla* come upon'em.
The Gods have done me Justice.

[Trumpets.

Mar.

Mar. sen. Get thee gone,
And leave me to my Fate,
Thou maim'd and wounded, and unfit for War.

Mar. jun. I'll follow you.——

Mar. sen. Thou shalt not.

Mar. jun. By the Gods I will.

Mar. sen. How? disobey'd then?

Mar. jun. Bid a Courser spur'd
Stop in his full Career; bid Tides run back,
Or sailing Ships stand still before the Wind,
Or Winds themselves not blow when *Jove* provokes'em,

Mar. sen. Away, and do not tempt my Fury farther.

Mar. jun. Why? would you kill me?

Mar. sen. No, no: I hope thou art reserv'd yet for
A better Fate.

Mar. jun. Thanks, Heav'n.

These few kind words shew I'm not quite unhappy.

Mar. sen. Then do not contradict my Will in this;
But part, and when our Hands next meet agen,
Be't in the Heart of *Sylla* or *Metellus*——

[Exit.

[Trumpets agen.

Mar. jun. Sound higher, ye shrill Instruments of War,
And urge its Horrors up, till they become,
If possible, as terrible as mine.

Oh my *Lavinia*! though this Night I fall,
At my return I shall be doubly happy.
Such Trials the great ancient Hero's past,
Who little present Happiness could taste,
Yet did great Actions, and were Gods at last.

[Exit.

SCENE Metellus's House.

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. **G**Allop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,
Tow'rs *Phæbus*'s Lodging. Such a Charioteer
As *Phaeton* would lash you to the West,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy close Curtains Love-performing Night
To sober-suited Matron all in black;
That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Marius*
Leap to these Arms untalkt of and unseen.
Oh! give me *Marius*; and when he shall die,

Take

Take him and cut him out in little Stars;
 And he will make the Face of Heaven so fine,
 That all the World shall grow in love with Night,
 And pay no worship to the Gaudy Sun.
 Oh! I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
 But not possess'd it——Tedious is this Day,
 As in the Night before some Festival
 To an impatient Child that has new Robes,

Enter Nurse and Clodius.

And may not wear'em. Welcome, Nurse: what News?
 How fares the Lord of all my Joys, my *Marius*?

Nurse. Oh! a Chair! a Chair! no Questions, but a Chair! So.

Lavin. Nay, prithee Nurse why dost look so sad?
 Oh! do not spoil the Musick of good Tidings
 With such a Melancholick wretched Face.

Nurse. Oh! I am weary, very weary. *Clodius* my Cordial-bottle.
 Fie! how my Bones ake! what a Jaunt have I had!

Lavin. Do not delay me thus, but quickly tell me,
 Will *Marius* come to Night? Speak, will he come?

Nurse. Alas! alas! what haste? oh! cannot you stay a little?
 oh! do you not see that I'm out of breath? oh this Phthisick!
Clodius the Cordial.

Lavin. Th' excuse thou mak'st for this unkind delay
 Is longer than the Tale thou hast to tell.
 Is thy News good or bad? answer to that.
 Say either, and I'll stay the Circumstance.

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple Choice: you know not how
 to chuse a Man. Yet his Leg excels all Men's. And for a Hand and
 a Foot and a Shape, though they are not to be talk'd of——yet they
 are past compare. What, have you Din'd within?

Lavin. No, no: what foolish Questions dost thou ask?
 What says he of his coming? what of that?

Nurse. Oh! how my Head akes! what a Head have I!
 It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My Back o't'other side! ah! my Back! my Back!
 Beshrew your Heart for sending me about

To catch my Death.—This Back of mine will break. [*Drinks.*]

Lavin. Indeed I'm sorry if thou art not well.
 But prithee tell me, Nurse, what says my Love?

Nurse. Why, your Love says like an honest Gentleman, and a
 kind Gentleman, and a handsome——and I'll warrant a vertuous
 Gentleman. [*Drinks.*] Well——what? where's your Father?

Lavin. Where's my Father? why, he's at the Senate.
 How oddly thou reply'st?

Your

Your Love says like an honest Gentleman,
Where's your Father?

Nurse. Oh good Lady dear!

Are you so hot? marry come up, I trow.

Is this a Poultice for my aking Bones?

Henceforward do your Messages your self.

Lavin. Nay, prithee be not angry Nurse, I meant
No ill. Speak kindly, will my *Marius* come?

Nurse. Will he? will a Duck swim?

Lavin. Then he will come.

Nurse. Come? why, he will come upon all four, but he'll come.
Go, get you in, and say your Prayers: go.

Lavin. For Blessings on my *Marius* and Thee.

Nurse. Well, it would be a sad thing though——

Lavin. What?

Nurse. If *Marius* should not come now——for there's old doings
at the Gates, they are at it ding-dong. Tantarara go the Trumpets?
Shout, cry the Soldiers; Clatter go the Swords. I'll warrant, I
made no small haste.

Lavin. And is my *Marius* there? alas my Fears! [Trumpets.
The Noise comes this way. Guard my Love, ye Gods,
Or strike me with your Thunder when he falls. [Exeunt.

SCENE the Forum.

Enter Marius senior, Marius junior, Granius, Sulpitius, Catulus, &c.
Guards, Lictors, on one side:

Metellus, Sylla, Quintus Pompeius, Guards, on the other.

[Trumpets sound a march.]

Metell. OH thou God,
Deliverer of *Rome*, most blest of Men!
See here the Fathers of thy bleeding Country
Prostrate for Refuge at thy feet: see there
The Terror of our Freedom and thy Foe,
The Persecutor of thy Friends, the Scourge
Of Truth and Justice, and the Plague of *Rome*.

Mar. sen. What art Thou that can'st lend thy slavish Ears
To flattering Hypocrisy?

Sylla. My Name thou hast heard,
And fled from. I am the Friend of *Rome*,
The Terror and the Bane of thee her Foe.

Mar.

Mar. sen. If th'art her Friend, why com'st thou here thus arm'd,
Slaughtering her Citizens, and laying waste her Walls?

Sylla. To free her from a Tyrant's Power.

Mar. sen. Who is that Tyrant?

Sylla. Thou, who hast oppress'd
Her Senate, made thy self by force a Consul,
Set free her Slaves, and arm'd 'em 'gainst her Laws.

Mar. sen. Hear this, ye *Romans*, and then judge my Wrongs.
Have I oppress'd you? have I forc'd your Laws?
Am I a Tyrant? I, whom ye have rais'd
For my true Services, to what I am?
Remember th' *Ambrons*, *Cimbri*, and the *Teutons*;
Remember the Confederate War.

Sylla. Where Thou,
Cold and delaying, wert by *Silo* brav'd,
Scorn'd by thy Soldiers, and at last compell'd
Ingloriously to quit th'unwieldy Charge.
Remember too who banish'd good *Metellus*,
The Friend and Parent of thy obscure Family,
That rais'd thee from a Peasant to a Lord.

Mar. sen. Basely thou wrong'st the Truth. My Actions rais'd me.
Had'st thou been born a Peasant, still thou'dst been so:
But I by Service to thy Country've made
My Name renown'd in Peace, and fear'd in War.

Sylla. In the *Jugurthine* War, whose King was taken
Pris'ner by me, and *Marius* triumpht for't.

Mar. sen. Thou stol'st him basely, stol'st him at the price
Of his Wife's Lust: Thou barter'd'st his Betraying,
And in the Capitol hast Pageants set
In memory of thy Vanity and Shame.

Sylla. Thy Shame.

Mar. sen. My Honour, proud presumptuous Boy,
Who would'st be gaudy in an unfit Dress,
And wear my cast-off Glories after me.

Sylla. I'd rather wear some Beggar's rotten Rags,
By him left dangling on a High-way Hedge,
Than soil my Laurels with a Leaf of thine,
Thou scorn'd Plebeian.

Mar. sen. Worst Perdition catch thee.

Sylla. Disband that Rout of Rêbels at thy heels,
And yield thy self to Justice and the Senate.

Mar. sen. Justice from Thee demanded on my Head?
First clear thy self, quit thy usurp'd Command:
Approach and kneel to me, whom thou hast wrong'd.

Sylla. Upon thy Neck I would.

Mar. sen. As soon thou'dst take

A Lion by the beard; thou dar'st not think on't.

Sylla. I dare, and more.

Mar. sen. Then Gods, I take your word;
If there be truth in you, I shall not fall.

This Day. My Friends and fellow-Soldiers, now,
Fight as I've seen you: For the Life of *Sylla*,
Leave it to me; for much Revenge must go
Along with Death when such a Victim bleeds.

Sylla. My Lords withdraw.

Metell. No, trust the Gods, I'll see
My Country's Fate, and with her live or die.

Mar. sen. Now, *Sylla*.

Sylla. Now, my Veterans, consider
You fight for Laws, for Liberty, for Life.

Mar. sen. Rebellion never wanted that pretence.
Thou shadow of what I have been, thou Puppet
Of that great State and Honours I have born,
If thou'lt do something worthy of thy place,
Let's join our Battle with a force may glut
The Throat of Death, and choak him with himself;
As fiercely as destroying Whirlwinds rise,
Or as Clouds dash when Thunder shakes the Skies.

[*Trumpets sound a Charge: They fight.*]

Re-enter Marius senior, taken by Sylla's Party.

Mar. sen. Forfaken, and a Prisoner? Is this all
That's left of *Marius*? The old, naked Trunk
Of that tall Pine that was? Away, ye Shrubs,
Ye clinging Brambles; do not clog me thus,
But let me run into the Jaws of Death,
And finish my ill Fate. Or must I be
Preserv'd a Publick Spectacle, expos'd
To scorn, and make a Holyday for slaves?
Oh! that Thought's Hell. Sure I should Know thy Face.
Thou hast born Office under me: If e'er
In my best Fortune I deserv'd thy Friendship,
Give me a *Roman's* Death, and set me free,
That no Dishonour in my Age o'ertake me.

Officer. I've serv'd and lov'd you well: nor would I see
Your Fall———My Orders were, to save your Life.

Mar. sen. Thou'rt a Time-server, that can't flatter Misery.

Enter Marius junior, Granius, and Sulpitius, Prisoners.

My Sons in Bonds too, and *Sulpitius*?

Sulpit. Yes, the Rat-catchers have trapp'd me. Now must I
Be food for Crows, and stink upon a Tree,
Whilst Coxcombs strowl abroad on Holy-days
To take the Air, and see me rot. A pox
On Fortune, and a pox on that first Fool
That taught the World Ambition.

Enter Quint. Pompeius, four Lictors before him.

Q. Pomp. Draw near,
Ye Men of *Rome*, and hear the Law pronounc'd.
Thou *Marius*, whose Ambition and whose Pride
Hath cost so many Lives, the first that e'er
Wag'd Civil Wars in *Rome*, Thee and thy Sons,
Thy Family and Kin, with that vile Slave
And Minister of all thy Outrages,
The curs'd *Sulpitius*, Banishment's thy Lot;
After to morrow's Dawn if found i'th' City,
Death be thy Doom: so hath the Senate said.
So flourish Peace and Liberty in *Rome*.

[Exit Q. Pompeius, Lictors crying Liberty.]

Mar. sen. I thank ye, Gods, upon my Knees I thank ye,
For plaguing me above all other Men.
Come, ye young Heroes, kneel and praise the heav'ns,
For crowning thus your youthful Hopes. Ha, ha, ha!
What pleasant Game hath Fortune play'd to day?
Oh! I could burst with Laughter. Why, now *Rome's*
At Peace. But may it be as short and vain
As Joys but dreamt of, or as sick Men's Slumbers.
Now let's take hands and bending to the Earth,
To all th' infernal Powers let us swear.

All. We swear.

Mar. sen. That's well: by the Destinies,
By all the Furies, and the Fiends that wait
About the Throne of Hell, and by Hell's King,
We'll bring Destruction to this cursed City;
Let not one Stone of all her Towers stand safe.

Mar. jun. Let not her Temples nor her Gods escape.

Gran. Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces perish.

Mar. sen. Her young Men massacred.

Sulpit. Her Virgins ravish'd.

Mar. jun. And let her Lovers all my Torments feel,
Doating like me, and like me banished.
Thus let'em Curse, thus raving tear their Hair.
And fall upon the Ground as I do now.

Mar.

Mar. sen. Rise then, and to *Lavinia* go. This Night's
Thy own.

Mar. jun. And ever after Pain and Sorrow,
But go thou, find *Lavinia's* Woman out——
Tell her I'll come, and bid her chear my Love,
For I'll not fail, but in this Night enjoy
Whole Life, and forgive Nature what's to come.

[To his Servant.

Mar. sen. Thus then let's part; each take his several way,
As to a Task of Darkness: when we meet
In hated Exile, we'll compute Accompts,
And see what Mischief each has gathered then.
For, *Rome*, I shall be yet once more thy Lord,
If Oracles have truth, and Augurs lye not.
For yet a Child, and in my Father's Fields
Playing, I seven young Eagles chanc'd to find;
Which gathering up I to my Parents bore.
The Gods were sought, who promis'd me from thence
As many times the Consulate of *Rome*.

Six times already I've that Office bore,
And so far has the Prophecy prov'd true.
But if I've manag'd ill the time that's past,
And too remis fix elder Fortunes lost,
The youngest Darling-Fate is yet to come,
And Thou shalt feel me then, ungrateful *Rome*.

[*Exeunt*.

The End of the Third ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E *the Garden.**Enter Lavinia and Marius junior.*

Lavin. **W**ilt thou be gone? It is not yet near Day.
 It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thy Ear.
 Nightly on yon Pomegranate-tree she sings.
 Believe me, Love, it was the Nightingale.

Mar. jun. Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
 No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
 Of Light embroider all the cloudy East.
 Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
 Upon the Mountain-tops sits gaily drest,
 Whilst all the Birds bring Musick to his Levy.
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die——

Lavin. Oh! oh! what wretched Fortune is my lot!
 Sure, giving Thee, Heav'n grew too far in Debt
 To pay, till Bankrupt-like it broke; whilst I,
 A poor compounding Creditor, am forc'd
 To take a Mite for endless Summs of Joy.

Mar. jun. Let me be taken, let me suffer Death,
 I am content, so Thou wilt have it so——
 By Heaven, yon gray is not the Morning's eye,
 But the reflection of pale *Cynthia's* Brightness,
 Nor is't the Lark we hear, whose Notes do beat
 So high and eccho in the Vault of Heaven.
 I'm all desire to stay, no will to go.
 How is't my Soul? let's talk: it is not Day.

Lavin. Oh! it is, it is——Fly hence away my *Marius*,
 It is the Lark, and out of tune she sings,
 With grating Discords and unpleasing Strainings.
 Some say the Lark and loathsome Toad change Eyes:
 Now I could wish they had chang'd Voices too;
 Or that a Lethargy had seiz'd the Morning,
 And she had slept and never wak'd again,
 To part from the Embraces of my Love.
 What shall become of me, when thou art gone?

Mar. jun. The Gods that heard our Vows, and know our Loves,
 Seeing

Seeing my Faith, and thy unspotted Truth,
Will sure take care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee.
Upon my Knees I'll ask 'em every Day,
How my *Lavinia* does: And every Night,
In the severe Distresses of my Fate,
As I perhaps shall wander through the Desert,
And want a place to rest my weary Head on,
I'll count the Stars, and bless 'em as they shine,
And court them all for my *Lavinia's* safety.

Lavin. Oh Banishment, eternal Banishment!
Ne'er to return! must we ne'er meet agen?
My Heart will break, I cannot think that Thought
And live. Cou'd I but see to th' end of Woe,
There were some Comfort——but eternal Torment
Is even insupportable to Thought.
It cannot be that we shall part for ever.

Mar. jun. No, for my Banishment may be recall'd;
My Father once more hold a Pow'r in *Rome*:
Then shall I boldly claim *Lavinia* mine,
Whilst happiest Men shall envy at the Blessing,
And Poets write the Wonders of our Loves.

Lavin. If by my Father's Cruelty I'm forc'd,
When left alone to yield to *Sylla's* Claim,
Defenceless as I am, and thou far from me,
If, as I must, I rather die than suffer't,
What a sad Tale will that be when 'tis told thee?
I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,
Or say, or do. I cannot let thee go.

Mar. jun. A Thousand things would, to this purpose said,
But sharpen and add weight to Sorrow.

Oh my *Lavinia*! if my Heart e'er stray,——
Or any other Beauty ever charm me,
If I live not entirely only thine,
In that curst moment when my Soul forsakes thee,
May I be hither brought a Captive bound,
T'adorn the Triumph of my basest Foe.

[Kneels.

Lavin. And if I live not faithful to the Lord
Of my first Vows, my dearest only *Marius*,
May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn,
Hooted by Slaves forth from thy Gates, O *Rome*,
Till flying to the Woods t'avoid my Shame,
Sharp Hunger, Cold, or some worse Fate destroy me;
And not one Tree vouchsafe a Leaf to hide me.

Mar. jun. What needs all this?——

Lavin. Oh! I could find out things
To talk to thee for ever.

The History and Fall

Mar. jun. Weep not; the time
We had to stay together has been employ'd
In richest Love———

Lavin. We ought to summon all
The spirit of soft Passion up, to cheer
Our Hearts thus lab'ring with the pangs of parting.
Oh my poor *Marius*!

Mar. jun. Ah my kind *Lavinia*!

Lavin. But dost thou think we e'er shall meet agen?

Mar. jun. I doubt it not, and all these Woes shall serve
For sweet Discourses in our time to come.

Lavin. Alas! I have an ill-divining Soul;
Methinks I see thee now thou'rt from my Arms,
Like a stark Ghost, with Horror in thy Visage.
Either my Eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Mar. jun. And trust me, Love, in my Eye so dost Thou.
Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood——Farewel.

Lavin. Farewel then.

[Exit *Mar. jun.*

Nurse within. Madam.

Lavin. My Nurse.

Nurse within. Your Father's up, and Day-light broke abroad.
Be wary, look about you——

Lavin. Hah! is he gone? my Lord, my Husband, Friend,
I must hear from thee every Hour i'th' Day:
For absent Minutes seem as many Days.
Oh! by this reck'ning I shall be most old,
E'er I agen behold my *Marius*. Nay,
Gone too already! 'Twas unkindly done,
I had not yet imparted half my Soul,
Not a third part of its fond jealous Fears:
But I'll pursue him for't, and be reveng'd;
Hang such a tender Tale about his Heart,
Shall make it tingle as his life were stung:
Nay too I'll love him; never, never leave him;
Fond as a Child, and resolute as Man.

[Exit *Lavin.*

Enter Metellus musing.

Metell. *Sylla* this Morning parts from hence to *Capua*,
To head that Army. *Cinna* must be Consul——
Ay, *Cinna* must be. He's a busie Fellow,
Knows how to tell a Story to the Rabble,
Hates *Marius* too: that, that's the dearest point.
I hope the Snares for *Marius* laid may take him.
A hundred Horse are in pursuit to find him:
And if they catch him, his Head's safe, that's certain.

Octavius

Octavius will be the other——be it so,
An honest, simple, downright-dealing Lord:
A litte too Religious, that's his fault.

Enter a Servant.

What now?

Servant. A Letter left you by a Li&tor,
Who told us that it came from the Lord *Sylla*.

Metellus reads the Letter.

B Lame not, Sir, my parting
So suddenly: just now I've had advice
Of some disturbance in the Camp at Capua.
Commend my tender'st Faith to fair Lavinia.
You're *Sylla's* Advocate with her and Rome.

Enter Nurse.

Well, Nurse.

Nurse. My Lord,

Metell. How does my Daughter?

Nurse. Truly very ill:

She has not slept a wink:

Nothing but toss'd and tumbled all this Night;

I left her just now flumbring.

This Lord *Sylla* does so run in her Head.

Metell. Oh! were he in her Heart, Nurse!

Nurse. Were he?

Why, she thinks of nothing else, talks of nothing else, dreams of
nothing else. She would needs have me lie with her t'other Night.
But about Midnight (I'll swear it wak'd me out of a sweet Nap)
she takes me fast in her Arms, and cries, Oh my Lord *Sylla*; but are
you, will you be true? Then sigh'd, and so stretch'd——I swear
I was half afraid.

Metell. She's strangely alter'd then.

This Morning two new Consuls must be chosen.

If they are true, those tidings thou hast brought me,

Wait while she wakes, and tell her 'tis my Pleasure,

At my return from th' *Forum* that I see her—— [Exit *Metell.*

Nurse. So, so;——here will be sweet doings in time. How many
hundred lyes a day must I tell, to keep this Family at Peace?

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. Oh Nurse! Where art thou? Is my Father gone?

Nurse.

Nurse. Gone? Yes; and I would I were gone too.

Lavin. Why dost thou sigh? What cause hast thou to wish so?
Wert thou distressed, unfortunate as I am,
Thou hadst then cause.

What shall I do? Oh, how alone am I!

I walk methinks as half of me were lost:

Yet, like a maim'd Bird, flutter, flutter on,
And fain wou'd find a Hole to hide my Head in.

Nurse. 'Odds my Boddikins! but why thus dress'd, Madam?
Why in this pickle, say you now?

Lavin. Seem not to wonder, nor dare to oppose me,
For I am desperate, and resolv'd to Death,
In this unhappy, wayward, humble Dress,
After my Love a Pilgrimage I'll take,
Forfake deserted *Rome*, and find my *Marius*.

Nurse. And I must stay behind to be hang'd up, like an old Pole-
Cat in a Warren, for a warning to all Vermin, that shall come
after me. Would I were fairly dead for a Week, till this were
over.

Lavin. This Morning's opportunity is fair,
When all are busie in electing Consuls;
I shall escape unseen without the Gates,
And this Night in a Litter reach *Solonium*.

Nurse. I care not; I'll have nothing to do in't. You sha'n't stir.
Nay I'll raise the House first. Why *Clodius*! *Catulus*! *Sempronia*!
Thesbia! Men and Maids, where are you? Oh! oh! oh!

{*Lav. gets from her. Nurse*
falls down. [Exit Lavinia.

Enter Clodius.

Clod. What's the matter, Mistress?

Nurse. Oh *Clody*, *Clody*, dear *Clody*! is't thee, my dear *Clody*?
Help me, help me up. Run to my Lord to the *Forum* presently:
tell him his Treasury is robb'd, his House a-fire, his Daughter dead,
and I mad. Run, run. You'll not run. Oh! oh! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to the Country.*

Enter several Herdsmen belonging to Marius.

1 *Herd.* GOOD morrow, Brother, you have heard the News.

2 *Herd.* News, quoth a? Trim News truly.

1 *Herd.*

1 *Herd.* Why, they say our Lord and Master's slept a one side. Is there any thing in't trow?

2 *Herd.* Any thing in't? alas a day! alas a day! sad times! sad times Brother! not a penny of Money stirring.

1 *Herd.* Nay, I thought there was no good weather towards, when my bald-fac'd Heifer stuck up her Tail Eastward, and ran back into a new Quick-set, which I had just made to keep the Swine from the Beans.

2 *Herd.* And the t'other night, as I was at Supper, in the Chimny-corner, a whole Family of Swallows, that had occupy'd the Tenement these seven years, fell down, Nest and all, into the Porridge-pot, and spoil'd the Broth. Sad times! sad times, Brother!

3 *Herd.* Did you meet no Troopers this way?

2 *Herd.* Troopers? I saw a parcel of Raggooners, I think they call 'em, trotting along yon Wood side upon ragged Hidebound Jades. I warrant they came for no goodness.

1 *Herd.* 'Twas to seek for Lord *Marius*, as sure as Eggs be Eggs, These Bitious Folk make more stir in the World than a thousand Men. Would my Kine were all in their Stalls.

Enter several Soldiers in quest of Marius.

1 *Sold.* This is the way. How now, you pack of Boobies? whose Fools are you?

2 *Herd.* Why, we are such Fools as you are; any bodies Fools that will pay us our Wages.

2 *Sold.* Do you belong to the Traitor, *Marius*?

1 *Herd.* We belong to *Caius Marius*, an't like your Worship.

1 *Sold.* Why, this is a civil fellow. But you, Rogue, you are witty and behang'd, are you?

2 *Herd.* I's poor enough to be witty, as you're poor enough to be valiant. Had I but mony enough, I'd no more be a Wit than you'd be a Soldier.

2 *Sold.* Let the hungry Churl alone.

1 *Sold.* Hark you, you Dog; where's your Lord, the Traitor *Marius*?

2 *Herd.* In a whole Skin, if he be wise.

2 *Sold.* Where is he, you Pultroon?

2 *Herd.* Look you, I keep his Cows and his Oxen here at *Salonium*, but I keep none of him. If you must needs know where he is, then I must needs tell you I don't know.

1 *Sold.* Let's to his House hard by, and ransack that. Sirrah, if we miss of him, you may repent this.

[*Ex. Soldiers.*]

1 *Herd.* 'Tis all one to me, I must pay my Rent to some body.

2 *Herd.* Why, this 'tis now to be a great Man. Heav'n keep me a Cow-keeper still—I say——

*The History and Fall**Enter Marius senior and Granus.*

Mar. sen. Where are we? are ye not near *Salonium*?
 Lead me to yonder Shady Poplar, where
 The poor old *Marius* a while may sit,
 And joy in Rest. Oh my distemper'd Head!
 The Sun has beat his Beams so hard upon me,
 That my Brain's hot as molten Gold. My Skull!
 Oh my tormented Skull! Oh *Rome! Rome! Rome!*
 Hah! what are those?

Gran. They seem, Sir, Rural Swains,
 Who tend the Herds that graze beneath these Woods.

Mar. sen. Who are you? to what Lord do ye belong?

2 Herds. We did belong to *Caius Marius* once: but they say he's
 gone a Journey: and now we belong to one another.

Mar. sen. Have ye forget me then: ungrateful Slaves!
 Are you so willing to disown your Master?

Who would have thought t'have found such Baseness here,
 Where Innocence seems seated by the Gods,
 As in her Virgin-nakedness untainted?

Confusion on ye, ye sordid Earthlings.

[*Ex. all but one.*

1 Herd. Oh fly, my Lord, your Foes are thick abroad.
 Just now a Troop of Murderers past this way,
 And ask'd with horror for the Traitor *Marius*.

By this time at *Salonium*, at your House,

They are in search of you. Fly, fly, my Lord——

[*Exit.*

Mar. sen. I shall be hounded up and down the World,
 Now every Villain, that is wretch enough

To take the price of Blood, dreams of my Throat.

Help and support me till I reach the Wood,

Then go and find thy wretched Brother out.

Asunder we may dodge our Fate, and lose her.

In some old hollow Tree or o'ergrown Brake

I'd rest my weary Limbs till danger pass me.

[*Goes into the Wood.*

Enter Soldiers again.

1 Sold. A thousand Crowns? 'tis a Reward might buy
 As many Lives, for they are cheap in *Rome*;
 And 'tis too much for one.

2 Sold. Let's set this Wood
 A flaming, if you think he's here, and then
 Quickly you'll see th'old Droan crawl humming out.

1 Sold. Thou always lov'st to ride full speed to mischief. There's
 no consideration in thee. Look you, when I cut a Throat, I love
 to

to do it with as much Deliberation and Decency as a Barber cuts a Beard. I hate a slovenly Murther done hand over head: a Man gets no credit by it.

3 *Sold.* The Man that spoke last, spoke well. Therefore let us to yon adjacent Village, and sowce our selves in good *Fralernium*—

[*Ex. Soldiers.*]

Mar. sen. O Villains! not a Slave of those
But has serv'd under me, has eat my Bread,
And felt my Bounty——Drought! parching Drought!
Was ever Lion thus by Dogs embosa'd?
Oh! I could swallow Rivers: Earth yield me Water;
Or swallow *Marius* down where Springs first flow.

Enter Marius junior, and Granus.

Mar. jun. My Father!

Mar. sen. Oh my Sons!

Mar. jun. Why thus forlorn! stretch'd on the Earth?

Mar. sen. Oh! get me some refreshment, cooling Herbs,
And Water to allay my ravenous Thirst.

I would not trouble you if I had strength:

But I'm so faint that all my Limbs are uselefs.

Now have I not one *Drachma* to buy Food,

Must we then starve? No, sure the Birds will feed us.

Mar. jun. There stands a House on yonder side o'th' Wood,

It seems the Mansion of some Man of Note:

I'll go and turn a Beggar for my Father.

Mar. sen. O my Soul's comfort! do. Indeed I want it.

I, who had once the plenty of the Earth,

Now want a Root and Water. Go, my Boy,

And see who'll give a Morfel to poor *Marius*.

Nay, I'll not starve: No, I will plunge in Riot,

Wallow in Plenty. Drink? I'll drink, I'll drink.

Give me that Goblet hither.——Here's a Health

To all the Knaves and Senators in *Rome*.

Mar. jun. Repose your self a while, till we return.

Mar. sen. I will, but prithee let me rave a little.

Go, prithee go, and don't delay. I'll rest;

As thou shalt, *Rome*, if e'er my Fortune raise me——[*Ex. Mar. jun.*]

Enter Lavinia.

Another Murth'rer? this brings smiling Fate:

A deadly Snake cloath'd in a dainty Skin.

Lavin. I've wandred up and down these Woods and Meadows,
Till I have lost my way.——

Against a tall, young, slender, well grown Oak
Leaning, I found *Lavinia* in the Bark.
My *Marius* should not be far hence.

Mar. sen. What art thou,
That dar'st to name that wretched Creature *Marius*?

Lavin. Do not be angry, Sir, what e'er thou art;
I am a poor unhappy Woman, driven
By Fortune to pursue my banish'd Lord.

Mar. sen. By thy dissembling Tone thou should'st be Woman,
And Roman too.

Lavin. Indeed I am.

Mar. sen. A Roman?
If thou art so, be gone, lest Rage with Strength
Assist my Vengeance, and I'll rise and kill thee.

Lavin. My Father, is it you?

Mar. sen. Now thou art Woman;
For Lies are in thee. I? am I thy Father?
I ne'er was yet so curst; none of thy Sex
E'er sprung from me. My Off-spring all are Males,
The nobler sort of Beasts entit'led men.

Lav. I am your Daughter, if your Son's my Lord.
Have you ne'er heard *Lavinia's* name in *Rome*,
That wedded with the Son of *Marius*?

Mar. sen. Hah!
Art thou that fond, that kind and doting thing,
That left her Father for a banish'd Husband?
Come near——

And let me bless thee, though thy Name's my Foe.

Lavin. Alas, my Father, you seem much oppress:
Your Lips are parcht, blood-shot your Eyes and sunk.
Will you partake such Fruits as I have gather'd?
Taste, Sir, this Peach, and this Pomegranate; both are
Ripe and refreshing.

Mar. sen. What? all this from Thee,
Thou Angel, whom the Gods have sent to aid me?
I don't deserve thy Bounty.

Lavin. Here, Sir's more.
I found a Chrystal Spring too in the Wood,
And took some Water; 'tis most soft and cool.

Mar. sen. An Emperor's Feast! but I shall rob thee.

Lavin. No, I've eat, and slack'd my Thirst. But where's my Lord.
My dearest *Marius*?

Mar. sen. To th' Neighbouring Village
He's gone, to beg his Father's Dinner, Daughter.

Lavin. Will you then call me Daughter? will you own it?
I'm much o'er-paid for all the Wrongs of Fortune.

But

But surely *Marius* can't be brought to want.
I've Gold and Jewels too, and they'll buy Food.

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. sen. See here, my *Marius*, what the Gods have sent us.
See thy *Lavinia*.

Mar. jun. Hah!

[*They run and embrace.*]

Mar. sen. What? dumb at meeting?

Mar. jun. Why weeps my Love?

Lavin. I cannot speak, Tears so obstruct my Words,
And choak me with unutterable Joy.

Mar. jun. Oh my Hearts Joy!

Lavin. My Soul!

Mar. jun. But hast thou left
Thy Father's House, the Pomp and State of *Rome*,
To follow Desert-Misery!

Lavin. I come

To bear a part in every thing that's thine,
Be't Happiness or Sorrow. In these Woods,
Whilst from pursuing Enemies you're safe,
I'll range about, and find the Fruits and Springs,
Gather cool Sedges, Daffadils and Lilies,
And softest Camomil to make us Beds,
Whereon my Love and I at night will sleep,
And dream of better Fortune.

Enter Granius and Servant with Wine and Meat.

Mar. sen. Yet more Plenty?

Sure *Comus*, the God of Feasting, haunts these Woods,
And means to entertain us as his Guests.

Servant. I am sent hither, *Marius*, from my Lord,
Sextilius the Prætor, to relieve thee.

And warn thee that thou strait depart this place,
Else he the Senate's Edict must obey,
And treat thee as the Foe of *Rome*.

Mar. sen. But did he,

Did he, *Sextilius*, bid thee say all this?

Was he too proud to come and see his Master,
That rais'd him out of nothing? Was he not
My menial Servant once, and wip'd these Shooes,
Ran by my Chariot-wheels, my pleasures watcht,
And fed upon the voidings of my Table?
Durst he affront me with a fordid Alms?
And send a saucy Message by a Slave?

Hence

Hence with thy Scraps : back to thy Teeth I dash 'em,
Be gone whilst thou art safe. Hold, stay a little.

Serv. What Answer would you have me carry back ?

Mar. sen. Go to *Sextilius*, tell him thou hast seen
Poor *Caius Marius* banish'd from his Country,
Sitting in Sorrow on the naked Earth,
Amidst an ample Fortune once his own,
Where now he cannot claim a Turf to sleep on.
How am I fallen ! Musick ? Sure, the Gods
Are mad, or have design'd to make me so.

[*Exit Servant.*

[*Soft Musick.*

Enter Martha.

Well, what art Thou ?

Marth. Am I a stranger to thee ?

Martha's my Name, the *Syrian* Prophetess,
That us'd to wait upon thee with good Fortune ;
Till banish'd out of *Rome* for serving Thee.
I've ever since inhabited these Woods,
And search'd the deepest Arts of wise Foreknowledge.

Mar. sen. I know thee now most well. When thou wert gone,
All my good Fortune left me. My lov'd Vultures,
That us'd to hover o'er my happy Head,
And promise Honour in the Day of Battel,
Have since been seen no more. Even Birds of Prey
Pursue him still. Hast thou no Hopes in store ?

Marth. A hundred Spirits wait upon my will,
To bring me Tidings from th' Earth's farthest Corners,
Of all that happens out in States and Councils :
I tell thee therefore, *Rome* is once more thine.
The Consuls have had Blows, and *Cinna's* beaten,
Who with his Army comes to find thee out,
To lead him back with Terror to that City.

Mar. sen. Speak on.

Marth. Nay, e'er thou think'st it he will be with thee.
But let thy Sons, and these fair Nymphs retire,
Whilst I relieve thy wearied Eyes with Sleep,
And cheer thee in a Dream with promis'd Fate.

Mar. jun. Come, my *Lavinia*, *Granius*, we'll withdraw
To some cool Shade, and wonder at our Fortune.

[*Exit.*

Martha waves her Wand—————

[*A Dance.*

Mar. sen. O Rest, thou Strainger to my Senses, welcome.

Enter

of Caius Marius.

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Enter Servant and Ruffian.

Serv. Ten Attick Talents shall be thy Reward,
Sextilius gives 'em thee. Dispatch him safely.

Ruff. Fear not, he never wakes agen.

Mar. sen. No more,
I'll hear no more. *Metellus* live? No, no;
He dies, he dies. So bear him to the *Tiber*,
And plunge him to the bottom. Hah, *Antonius*!
Where are my Guards? Dispatch that talking Knave,
That when he should be doing publick Service,
Consumes his time in Speeches to the Rabble,
And sows Sedition in a City. Down,
Down with *Pompeius* too, that call'd me Traitor,
Hah! art thou there? Welcome once more old *Marius*,
To *Rome's* Tribunal.

Ruff. Now's the time.

Mar. sen. Stand off.

Secure that *Gaul*—Dar'st thou kill *Caius Marius*?

[*Wakes.*

Hah! speak? What art thou?

Ruff. By *Sextilius* hired

I hither came to take your Life. Spare mine,
And I'll for ever serve you at your feet.

Mar. sen. What barb'rous Slaves are these, that envy me
The open Air; set Prices on my Head,
As they would do on Wolves that slay their Flock!

Enter Sulpitius.

[*Trumpets.*

Trumpets! *Sulpitius*, where hast thou been wand'ring.
Since the late Storm that drove us from each other?

Sulpit. Why, doing Mischief up and down the City,
Picking up discontented Fools, belying
The Senators and Government, destroying
Faith amongst honest Men, and praising Knaves.

Mar. sen. Oh, but where's *Cinna*?

Sulp. Ready to salute you——

Enter Cinna attended with Lictors and Guards.

Cinn. Romans, once more behold your Consul; see,
Is that a Fortune fit for *Caius Marius*?
Advance your Axes and your Rods before him,
And give him all the Customs of his Honour.

Mar. sen. Away: such Pomp becomes not wretched *Marius*.

Here

Here let me pay Obedience to my Consul.
Lead me great *Cinna*, where thy Foes have wrong'd thee,
And see how thy old Soldier will obey.

Cinn. O *Marius*, be our Hearts united ever,
To carry Desolation into *Rome*,
And waste that Den of Monsters to the Earth.

Mar. sen. Shall we?

Cinn. We'll do't. That godly Soothsaying Fool,
That sacrificing Dolt, that Sot *Octavius*,
When we were chosen Consuls in the *Forum*,
Disown'd me for his Colleague; said, the Gods
Had told him I design'd Tyrannick Pow'r;
Provok'd the Citizens, who took up Arms,
And drove me forth the Gates.

Mar. sen. Excellent Mischief!
What's to be done?

Cinn. No sooner was I gone,
But a large part of that great City follow'd me.
There's not an honest Spirit left in *Rome*,
That does not own my Cause, and wish for *Marius*.

Mar. sen. Bring me my Horse, my Armour, and the Laurel
With which when I'd o'ercome three barb'rous Nations,
I enter'd crown'd with Triumph into *Rome*.
I go to free her now from greater Mischiefs.

Enter Marius junior and Granius.

O my young Warriour!

Mar. jun. Curst be the Light,
And ever curst be all these Regions round us.
Lavinia's lost, born back with force to *Rome*,
By *Ruffians* headed by her Father's Kinsmen;
And like a Coward too I live, yet saw it.

[*Exit.*

Mar. sen. Oh *Marius*! *Marius*! let not 'plaints come from thee,
Nor cloud the Joy that's breaking on thy Father.
If she be back in *Rome*, *Lavinia's* thine.

To morrow's dawn restores her to thy Arms.
For that fair Mistress Fortune, which has cost
So dear, for which such Hardships I have past,
Is coy no more, but crowns my Hopes at last.
I long to imbrace her, nay, 'tis Death to stay.
I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, born away
With thoughts of nothing but the joyful day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, Metellus's House.

Enter Metellus, Lavinia, Priest of Hymen.

Lavin. **N**AY, you have catcht me: you may kill me too:
But with my Cries I'll rend the echoing Heav'ns;
Till all the Gods are witness how you use me.

Metell. What? like a Vagrant fly thy Father's House?
And follow fulsomely and exil'd Slave,
Disdain'd by all the World? But abject Thou,
Resolve to go, or bound be sent to *Sylla*,
With as much Scorn as thou hast done me Shame.

Lavin. Do, bind me, kill me, rack these Limbs: I'll bear it.
But, Sir, consider still I am your Daughter;
And one hour's Converse with this Holy Man
May teach me to repent and shew Obedience.

Metell. Think not t'evade me by protracting time:
For if thou dost not, may the Gods forsake me,
As I will thee, if thou escape my Fury—— *[Exit Metell.]*

Lavin. Oh! bid me leap (rather than go to *Sylla*)
From off the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walk in Thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: Chain me with roaring Bears;
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel-house
O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens rattling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapless Sculls:
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead Man in his Shroud:
Things that to hear but told have made me tremble:
And I'll go through it without fear or doubting,
To keep my Vows unspotted to my Love——

Priest. Take here this Vial then, and in this moment
Drink it, when streight through all thy Veins shall run
A cold and drowfie Humour more than Sleep:
And in Death's borrow'd likeness shalt thou lie
Two Summer Days, then wake as from a Slumber.
Till *Marius* by my Letters know what's past,
And come by stealth to *Rome*.

Lavin. Give me; Oh! give me: tell me not of Fears.

Priest. Farewel: be bold and prosp'rous. *[Exit.]*

Lavin. Oh! farewell——

Heaven knows if ever we shall meet agen.
I have a faint cold Fear thrills through my Veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of Life.

I'll call him back agen to comfort me.

Stay, Holy Man. But what should he do here?

My Dismal Scene 'tis fit I act alone.

What if this Mixture do not work at all?

Shall I to morrow then be sent to *Sylla*?

No, no,—this shall forbid it; lie thou there—

*{ Lays down
the Dagger.*

Or how, if, when I'm laid into the Tomb,

I wake before the time that *Marius* come

To my Relief? There, there's a fearful Point.

Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,

Where for these many hundred Years the Bones

Of all my bury'd Ancestors are pack'd?

Where, as they say, Ghosts at some Hours resort,

With Mandrakes shrieks torn from the Earth's dark Womb,

That living Mortals hearing them run mad?

Or if I wake, shall I not be distracted,

Invirion'd round with all these hideous Fears,

And madly play with my Fore-fathers Joints;

Then in this Rage with some great Kinsman's Bones,

As with a Club, dash out my desp'rate Brains!

What? *Sylla*? get thee gone, thou meager Lover:

My Sense abhors thee. Don't disturb my Draught;

'Tis to my Lord, [*Drinks*] Oh *Marius*! *Marius*! *Marius*!

[Exit.]

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE.

Cinna's Camp before the Walls of Rome.

[Trumpets sound a General.

*Enter Cinna, Marius senior, and Sulpitius, Granius,
Two Embassadors, Guards.*

Cin. Embassadors from *Rome*? How many Slaves,
Traytors, and Tyrants, Villains, was I call'd
But yesterday? yet now their Consul *Cinna*.
Oh! what an excellent Master is an Army,
To teach Rebellious Cities Manners! Say,
My Friend and Colleague *Marius*, shall we hear 'em?

Mar. sen. Whom?

Cin. The Embassadors.

Mar. sen. From whence?

Cin. From *Rome*.

Mar. sen. My loving Country-Men? they must be heard,
Or *Sylla* will be angry.

Cin. In what state

And Pageantry the solid Lumps move on?

And though they come to beg, will be attended

With their ill order'd Pomp and awkward Pride.

Who are ye? and from whence?

1 Emb. From wretched *Rome*.

To thee, most mighty *Cinna*, and to thee,
Most dread Lord *Marius*, in her name we bow.

Cin. What's your Demand?

1 Emb. Hear but our humble Prayers,

And all Demands be made by God-like *Cinna*.

Whither, oh! whither will your Rage pursue us?

Must all the Fortunes and the Lives of *Rome*

Suffer for one Miscarriage of her Masters?

Your sorrowful afflicted Mother *Rome*,

In whose kind Bosom you were nurs'd and bred,

Stretches her trembling Arms t'implore your Pity.

Fold up your dreadful Ensigns, and lay by

Your warlike Terrors, that affright her Matrons,

And come to her e'reSorrow's quite o'erwhelm her.

But come like Sons that bring their Parents Joy:

Enter her Gates with Dove-like Peace before ye,

And let no bloody Slaughter stain her Streets.

Cinn. Thus 'tis you think to heal up smarting Honour,
By pouring flatt'ring Balm into the Wound,
Which for a time may make it whole and fair:
Till the false Medicine be at last discover'd,
And then it rankles to a Sore again.

Take this my Answer: I will enter *Ravies*
But for my Force, I'll keep it still my own,
Nor part with Pow'r to give it to my Foes.

Mar. sen. Sulpitius, see, what abject Slaves are these?
Such base Deformities a long Robe hides.

Sulpit. I cannot but laugh to think on't.

Mar. sen. What?

Sulp. How these politick Noddles, that look so grave upon the mat-
ter in the Senate-house, will laugh and grin at one another, when
they are set a sunning upon the Capitol.

2 Emb. May we return with joy into our City
Proclaiming Peace, agreed with Heaven and you?

Cinn. Go, tell 'em we expect due homage paid,
Of every Senator expect Acknowledgment,
Mighty Rewards, and Offices of Honour.

1 Emb. But on that Brow there still appears a Cloud,
That never rose without a following Storm.

Mar. sen. Alas! for me a simple banish'd Man,
Driv'n from my Country by the right of Law,
And justly punish'd as my Ills deserv'd,
Think not of me: whate'er are his Resolves,
I shall obey.

Both Emb. May all the Gods reward you.—
[*Ex. Embass. and Attendants.*]

Cinn. Now *Marius*.

Mar. sen. Now, my *Cinna*.

Cinn. Are not we

True born of *Rome*, true Sons of such a Mother?
How I adore thy Temper?

Mar. sen. Those two Knaves,
Those whining, fawning, humble, pliant Villains,
Would cut thy Throat or mine for half a *Drachma*.

Cinn. Let's not delay a moment.

Mar. sen. Oh! let's fly,
Enter this cursed City; nay, with Smiles too,
But false as the adulterate Promises
Of Favourites in pow'r, when poor Men court'em.

Cinn. They always hated me, because a Soldier.

Mar. sen. Base Natures ever grudge at things above'em,
And hate a Pow'r they are too much oblig'd to.

When

When Fears are on them, then their kindest Wishes
And best Rewards attend the gallant Warriour :
But Dangers vanish, infamous Neglect,
Ill-Usage and Reproach are all his Portion ;
Or at the best he's wedded to hard Wants,
Robb'd of that little Hire he toil'd and bled for.

Sulpit. I'd rather turn a bold true-hearted Rogue,
Live upon Prey, and hang for it with my Fellows,
Than, when my Honour and my Country's Cause
Call'd me to Dangers, be so basely branded.

Mar. sen. E're we this City enter then, let's swear
Not to destroy one honest *Roman* living.

Sulpit. Nor one chaste Matron.

Cinn. Nor a Faithful Friend,
Nor true-born Heir, nor Senator that's wise.

Mar. sen. But Knaves and Villains, Whores, and base-born Brats;
And th' endless swarms of Fools grown up in Years,
Be Slaughter's Game, till we dispeople *Rome*.

Cinn. Draw out our Guards, and let the Trumpets sound.

Mar. sen. Till all things tell 'em *Marius* is at hand.
O *Sylla*, if at *Capua* thou shalt hear
How Fortune deals with me, fall on thy Knees,
And make the Gods thy Friends to keep thee from me.

Sulpitius, as along the Streets we move
With solemn Pace and meditating Mischiefs,
Whome'er I smile on let thy sword go through.
Oh! Can the Matrons and the Virgins Cries,
The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans
Of murder'd Men be Musick to appease me?
Sure Death's not far from such a desperate Cure.
Be it with me rather (Gods) as Storms let loose,
That rive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down,
And tear from Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
And kill the tender Flow'rs but yet half blown.
For having no more Fury left in store,
Heav'n's face grows clear, the storm is heard no more,
And Nature smiles as gaily as before. —

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE Metellus's House.

Enter Metellus.

Metell. A Peace with *Marius*! O most base Submission!
That over-ruling Fears should weigh up Reason?
Was not the City ours, and *Sylla* too
At *Capua*, almost in a Trumpet's call?

And

And to submit! Could I but once have fought for't,
I might have met this *Marius* in Arms,
And been reveng'd for all the Mischiefs done me.
Nurse.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Here, an't it shall please you.

Metell. Go wake *Lavinia*. Tell her, she must hence
For *Capua* this Morning; for the Truce
Favours her Journey, and secures her passage. [Exit]

Scene draws and discovers Lavinia on a Couch.

Nurse. Wake her? Poor Titmouse! it will be as peevish,
I'll warrant you, and rub its Nye's, and so frown now.

Well: Mistress! why, *Lavinia*! fast I warrant her.

Why, Lamb! why, Lady! Fie, you Slug-a-Bed.

What, not a word? You take your penny-worth now,
Sleep for a Week; for the next Night (my Word for't)

Sylla takes care that you shall rest but little.

Gods forgive me.

Marry and Amen. How sound is she asleep?

I must needs wake her. Madam! Madam! Madam!

Now should your Lover find you in this Posture,

He'd fright you up i' faith? What? wont it do?

Drest too? and in your Cloaths? and down agen?

Nay, I must wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!

Alas! alas! help, help, my Lady's dead.

Ah! welladay that ever I was born!

Some *Aquavita*. Hoa! my Lord——my Lady——

Enter Metellus.

Metell. *Lavinia* dead?

Nurse. Your only Daughter's dead:

As dead as a Herring, Stock-fish, or Door-nail.

Metel. Stiff, cold, and pale. Where are thy Beauties now?

Thy Blushes that have warm'd so many Hearts?

All Hearts that ever felt her conq'ring Beauty,

Sigh till ye break; and all ye Eyes that languisht

In my *Lavinia*'s Brightness, weep with me,

Till Grief grow general, and the World's in Tears.

Nurse. Oh Day! oh Day! oh Day! ah hateful Day!

Never was seen so black a Day as this.

Oh Day! Oh woful Day! oh Day like Night!

Metell. No more: Thus in her Bridal Ornaments

Drest as she is she shall be born to burial,

I'th' Sepulchre where our Forefathers rest.

Be't done, whilst all things we ordain'd for Joy

Turn from their Office, and assist in Sadness.

[Exit.

Nurse. It shall be done and done and overdone, as we are undone. And I will sigh, and cry till I am swell'd as big as a Pumkin. Nay, my poor Baby, I'll take care thou shalt not die for nothing; for I will wash thee with my Tears, perfume thee with my Sighs, and stick a Flower in every part about thee——

[Ex. Nurse.

SCENE *changes to the Forum, where is placed the Consul's Tribunal.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* **W**hither, oh whither shall we fly for Safety?
Already reeking Murther's in our Streets,
Matrons with Infants in their Arms are butcher'd,
And *Rome* appears one noisome House of Slaughter.

2 *Cit.* Hear us, ye Gods, and pity our Calamities.
Stop, stop the Fury of this cruel Tyrant;
Or send your Thunder forth to strike us dead,
E're our own Slaves are Masters of our Throats.

1 *Cit.* Ruine draws near us: Oh my Friend! let's fly
To the Altars of our Gods, and by the hands
Of one another die as *Romans* ought.

[Exeunt.

Enter Ancharius the Senator and his Grandson.

Child. Hide me, my Grandfire; the ugly Men are coming
That kill'd my Mother and my Sister *Thesbie*.
Will they kill you and me too?

Anch. Oh my Child!
I cannot hide thee, nor know what to do.
Decrepit Age benumbs my weary Limbs:
I cannot resist, nor flee.

Child. Then here we'll sit;
Perhaps they'll not come yet; or if they do,
I'll fall upon my Knees and beg your Life.
I am a very little harmless Boy;
And when I cry, and talk, and hang about 'em,
They'll pity sure my Tears, and grant me all.

Enter several Old Men in black with Cypress Wreaths, leading Virgins in white with Myrtle, who kneel before the Tribunal.

Then enters Marius senior as Consul, Licitors, Sulpitius, and Guards.

Mar. sen. I thank ye, Gods, ye have restor'd me now.

[Mounts the Tribunal.
What

What Pageantry is this, *Sulpitius*, here?
Remove these Slaves, and bear 'em to their Fates.

Old Man. We come not for our selves, but in the Name
Of *Rome*, to offer up our lives for all,
Pity a wretched State, thou raging God,
And let loose all thy dreadful Fury here.

Mar. sen. I know ye all, great Senators; ye are
The Heads and Patrons of *Rebellious Rome*.
Ye can be humble when Affliction galls ye:
And with that Cheat at any time ye think
To charm a generous Mind, though ye have wrong'd it.
False are your safeties when indulg'd by Pow'r:
For soon ye fatten and grow able Traytors.
False are your Fears, and your Afflictions falser:
For they cheat you, and make you hope for Mercy,
Which you shall never gain at *Marius's* hands.
Who trusts your Penitence is more than Fool.
Rebellion will renew; ye can't be honest.
Y'are never pleased but with the Knaves that cheat you,
And work your Follies to their private ends.
For your Religion, like your Cloaths you wear it,
To change and turn just as the Fashion alters.
And think you by this solemn piece of Fooling
To hush my Rage, and melt me into pity?
Advance, *Sulpitius*; old *Ancharius* there,
Who was so violent for my Destruction,
That his Beard bristled as his Face distorted;
Away with him. Dispatch these Triflers too.
But spare the Virgins, 'cause mine Eyes have seen 'em:
Or keep 'em for my Warriours to rejoice in.

Anch. Thou who wert born to be the Plague to *Rome*,
What wouldst thou do with me?

Mar. sen. Dispose thee hence
Amongst the other Offal, for the jaws
Of hungry Death, till *Rome* be purg'd of Villains.
Thou dy'st for wronging *Marius*.——

Child. Oh my Lord!
(For you must be a Lord, you are so angry)
For my sake spare his Life. I have no Friend
But him to guard my tender Years from Wrongs.
When he is dead, what will become of me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, naked left
To all the Ills of the wide faithless World?

Mar. sen. Take hence this Brat too; mount it on a Spear,
And let it sprawl to make the Grandfire sport.

Child. O cruel Man! I'll hang upon your Knees,

And

And with my little dying Hands implore you,
I may be fit to do you some small Pleasures.
I'll find a thousand tender ways to please you;
Smile when you rage, and stroak you into mildness;
Play with your manly Neck, and call you Father:
For mine (alas!) the Gods have taken from me.

Mar. sen. Young Crocodile! Thus from their Mother's Breasts
Are they instructed, bred and taught in *Rome*.
For that old Paralytick Slave dispatch him:
Let me not know he breaths another moment.
But spare this, 'cause't has learn'd its lesson well,
And I've a Softness in my Heart pleads for him.

Enter Messenger.

Well now.

Mess. Metellus.

Mar. sen. Hah! *Metellus?* what?

Mess. Is found.

Mar. sen. Speak, where?

Mess. In an old Suburb-Cottage,
Upbraiding Heav'n, and cursing at your Fortune.

Mar. sen. Haste, let him be preserv'd for my own Fury.
Clap, clap your Hands for Joy, ye Friends of *Marius*,
Ten thousand Talents for the News I'll give thee:
The Core and Bottom of my Torment's found;
And in a moment I shall be at ease.

Rome's Walls no more shall be besmear'd with Blood,
But Peace and Gladness flourish in her Streets.

Let's go. *Metellus?* we have found *Metellus*.

Let every Tongue proclaim aloud *Metellus*;

Till I've dash'd him on the Rock of Fate,

Then be his Name forgot, and heard no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE A Church-Yard.

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. jun. **A**S I have wandred musing to and fro,
Still am I brought to this unlucky place,
As I had business with the horrid Dead:
Though could I trust the flattery of Sleep,
My Dreams presage some joyful News at hand.
My Bosom's Lord sits lightly on his Throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd Spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thought.

I

I dream'd

I dream'd *Lavinia* came and found me dead,
And breath'd such Life and Kisses on my Lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperor.

Enter Catulus.

Catul. My Lord already here?

Mar. jun. My trusty *Catulus*,
What news from my *Lavinia*? speak and bless me.

Catul. She's very well.——

Mar. jun. Then nothing can be ill.
Something thou seem'st to know that's terrible.
Out with it boldly, Man, what canst' thou say
Of my *Lavinia*?

Catul. But one sad word, She's dead.
Here in her Kindred's Vault I've seen her laid,
And have been searching you to tell the News.

Mar. jun. Dead? is it so? then I deny you, Stars.
Go, hasten quickly, get me Ink and Paper.
'Tis done: I'll hence to night.

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Priest?

Catul. No, my good Lord.

Mar. jun. No matter, get thee gone——

[*Exit Catulus.*

Lavinia! yet I'll lie with thee to Night;
But for the means. Oh Mischief! thou art swift
To catch the stragling Thoughts of desp'rate Men.
I do remember an Apothecary,
That dwelt about this Rendezvouze of Death:
Meagre and very rueful were his Looks;
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones;
And in his needy Shop a Tortise hung,
An Allegator stuff'd, and other Skins
Of ill-shap'd Fishes: and about his Shelves
A beggarly account of Empty Boxes,
Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,
Remnants of Pack-thread, and old Cakes of Roses
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a Show,
Oh for a Poyson now! his need will sell it,
Though it be present Death by *Roman Law*.
As I remember this should be the House.
His Shop is shut: with Beggars all are Holy-days.
Holla? Apothecary; ho!

Enter Apothecary.

Apoth. Who's there?

Mar. jun. Come hither, Man.
I see thou art very poor;

Thou

Thou may'st do any thing: here's fifty *Drachma's*
Get me a Draught of that will soonest free
A Wretch from all his Cares: thou understand'st me.

Apoth. Such mortal Drugs I have, but *Roman Law*
Speaks Death to any he that utters 'em.

Mar. jun. Art thou so base and full of Wretchedness,
Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppression stareth in thy Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back;
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;
The World affords no Law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apoth. My Poverty, but not my Will consents——

[Goes in, fetches a Vial of Poyson.

Take this and drink it off, the Work is done.

Mar. jun. There is thy Gold, worse Poyson to Men's Souls,
Doing more Murthers in this loathsome World
Than these poor Compounds thou art forbid to sell.
I sell thee Poyson, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel——buy Food——and get thy self in flesh.
Now for the Monument of the *Metelli*——

[Exit.

{ Scene draws off, and shews
the Temple and Monument.

Re-enters.

It should be here: The Door is open too.
Th' insatiate mouth of Fate gapes wide for more.

Enter Priest, and Boy with a Mattock and Iron Crow.

Priest. Give me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron:
Now take this Letter, with what haste thou canst
Find out Young *Marius*, and deliver it.
Now must I to the Monument alone.

[Exit Boy.

What Wretch is he that's entring into th' Tomb?
Some Villain come to rob and spoil the Dead.
Whoe'er thou art, stop thy unhallowed purpose.

Mar. jun. Whoe'er thou art, I warn thee to be gone,
And do not interrupt my horrid Purpose.
For else by Heaven I'll tear thee joynt by joynt,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy Limbs.
My Mind, and its intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty Tygers or the roaring Sea.

Priest. Then as a sacrilegious Slave I charge thee,
Obey and go with me, or thou must die.

Mar. jun. I know I must, and therefore I came hither.
 Good Reverence, do not tempt a desp'rate Man.
 By Heav'n, I love thee better than my self:
 For I against my self come hither arm'd,
 Stay not, be gone——Live, and hereafter say,
 A Mad-Man's Mercy gave thee honest Counsel.

Priest. I do defie thy Mercy and thy Counsel,
 And here will seize thee as a Thief and Robber.

Mar. jun. Wilt thou provoke me? Then here, take thy wages.
[Kills him.]

Priest. I'm kill'd. Oh *Marius*! now too late I know thee.
 Thou'lt slain the only Man could do thee good.

Lavinia——Oh!——

[Dies.]

Mar. jun. Let me peruse this Face.
 It is the honest Priest that joyn'd our Hands,
 In a Disguise conceal'd. Give me thy Hand,
 Since in ill Fate's black Role with me thou'rt writ,
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.
 Thou detestable Maw, thou Womb of Death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest Morsel of the Earth,
 Thus will I force thy rotten Jaws to open,
 And spite of thee yet cram thee with more Food.
 Oh gorgeous Palace! oh my Love! my Wife!
 Death has had yet no pow'r upon thy Beauty;
 That is not conquer'd. Beauty's Ensign yet
 Is Crimson in thy Lips and in thy Cheeks;
 And the pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there,
 Why art thou still so fair? Shall I believe
 That the lean Monster Death is amorous,
 And keeps thee here in Darknes for his Paramour?
 For fear of that, I'll stay with thee for ever.
 Come bitter Conduct, thou unsavory Guide:
 Here's to my Love——

{ Pulls down the
 side of the Tomb.

[Drinks the Poyson.]

And now Eyes look your last,
 Arms take your last Embrace, whilst on these Lips
 I fix the Seal of an eternal Contract——
 She breaths and stirs.

[Lavinia wakes.]

Lavin. in the Tomb. Where am I? Bless me, Heav'n!
 'Tis very cold; and yet here's something warm——

Mar. jun. She lives, and we shall both be made Immortal.
 Speak my *Lavinia*, speak some heavenly News.
 And tell me how the Gods design to treat us.

Lavin. O! I have slept a long Ten Thousand Years,
 What have they done with me? I'll not be used thus;
 I'll not wed *Sylla*. *Marius* is my Husband.
 Is he not, Sir? Methinks you're very like him.

Be good as he is, and protect me.

Mar. jun. Hah!

Wilt thou not own me? am I then but like him?
Much, much indeed I'm chang'd from what I was;
And ne'er shall be my self, if thou art lost.

Lavin. The God's have heard my Vows, it is my *Marius*.
Once more they have restor'd him to my Eyes.
Hadst thou not come, sure I had slept for ever.
But there's a Sovereign Charm in thy Embraces,
That might do Wonders, and revive the Dead.

Mar. jun. Ill Fate no more, *Lavinia*, now shall part us,
Nor cruel Parents, nor oppressing Laws.
Did not Heav'n's Power's all wonder at our Loves?
And when thou told'st the tale of thy Disasters,
Was there not Sadness and a Gloom amongst 'em?
I know there was; and they in pity sent thee,
Thus to redeem me from this Vale of Torments,
And bear me with thee to those Hills of Joys.
This World's gross Air grows burthensome already.
I'm all a God; such heav'nly Joys transport me,
That mortal Sense grows sick and faints with lasting.

[Dies.

Lavin. Oh! to recount my Happiness to thee,
To open all the Treasure of my Soul,
And shew thee how 'tis fill'd, would waste more time
Than so impatient Love as mine can spare.
He's gone; he's dead; breathless: alas! my *Marius*.
A Vial too; here, here has been his bane.
O Churl! drink all? not leave one friendly Drop
For poor *Lavinia*? Yet I'll drain thy Lips.
Perhaps some welcome Poyson may hang there,
To help me to o'ertake thee on thy Journey.
Clammy and damp as Earth. Hah! stains of Blood?
And a Man murder'd? 'Tis th' unhappy *Flamen*.
Who fix their joys on any thing that's Mortal,
Let 'em behold my Portion, and despair.
What shall I do? how will the Gods dispose me?
Oh! I could rend these Walls with Lamentation,
Tear up the Dead from their corrupted Graves,
And dawb the face of Earth with her own Bowels.

Enter Marius senior, and Guards driving in Metellus.

Mar. sen. Pursue the Slave; let not his Gods protect him.

Lavin. More Mischiefs? hah! My Father.

Metell. Oh! I am slain.

[Falls down and dies.

Lavin. And Murder'd too. When will my Woes have end?
Come, cruel Tyrant.

Mar. sen

Mar. sen. Sure I have known that Face.

Lavin. And canst thou think of any one good Turn
That I have done thee, and not kill me for't?

Mar. sen. Art thou not call'd *Lavinia*?

Lavin. Once I was:

But by my Woes may now be better known.

Mar. sen. I cannot see thy Face.

Lavin. You must, and hear me.

By this, you must: nay, I will hold you fast. [Seizes his Sword.

Mar. sen. What would'st thou say? where's all thy Rage gone now?

Lavin. I am *Lavinia*, born of Noble Race.

My blooming Beauty conquer'd many Hearts,
But prov'd the greatest Torment of my own:
Though my Vows prosper'd, and my Love was answer'd
By *Marius*, the noblest, goodliest Youth
That Man e'er envy'd at, or Virgin sigh'd for.
He was the Son of an unhappy Parent,
And banish'd with him when our Joys were young;
Scarce a Night old.

Mar. sen. I do remember't well,
And thou art She, that Wonder of thy Kind,
That could'st be true to exil'd Misery,
And to and fro through barren Desarts range,
To find th' unhappy Wretch thy Soul was fond of.

Lavin. Do you remember't well?

Mar. sen. In every Point.

Lavin. You then were gentle, took me in your Arms,
Embrac'd me, blest me, us'd me like a Father.
And sure I was not thankless for the Bounty.

Mar. sen. No, thou wer't, next the Gods, my only Comfort.
When I lay fainting on the dry parcht Earth,
Beneath the scorching heat of burning Noon,
Hungry and dry, no Food nor Friend to chear me:
Then Thou, as by the Gods some Angel sent,
Cam'st by, and in Compassion didst relieve me.

Lavin. Did I all this?

Mar. sen. Thou didst, and sav'dst my Life,
Else I had sunk beneath the weight of Want,
And bin a Prey to my remorseless Foes.

Lavin. And see how well I am at last rewarded.
All could not balance for the short term'd Life
Of one Old Man: You have my Father Butcher'd,
The only comfort I had left on Earth.
The Gods have taken too my Husband from me.
See where he lies, your and my only Joy.

This Sword yet reeking with my Father's Gore,

Plunge

Plunge it into my Breast: plunge, plunge it thus.
And now let Rage, Distraction and Despair
Seize all Mankind, till they grow mad as I am.

[Stabs her self with his Sword.]

Mar. sen. Nay, now thou hast outdone me much in Cruelty.
By Nature's Light extinguish'd; let the Sun
Withdraw his Beams, and put the World in Darkness,
Whilst here I howl away my Life in Sorrows.
Oh! let me bury Me and all my Sins
Here with this good Old Man. Thus let me kiss
Thy pale sunk Cheeks, embalm thee with my Tears.
My Son, how cam'st thou by this wretched end?
We might have all bin Friends, and in one House
Enjoy'd the Blessings of Eternal Peace.
But oh! my cruel Nature has undone me.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, I Bring you most disastrous News.
Sylla's return'd: his Army's on their march
From *Capua*, and to morrow will reach *Rome*.
At which the Rabble are in new Rebellion,
And your *Sulpitius* mortally is wounded.

Enter Sulpitius (led in by two of the Guards) and Granus.

Mar. sen. Oh! then I'm ruin'd from this very Moment,
Has my good Genius left me? Hope forsakes me.
The Name of *Sylla's* baneful to my Fortune.
Be warn'd by me, ye Great ones, how y'embroil
Your Country's Peace, and dip your Hands in Slaughter.
Ambition is a Lust that's never quencht,
Grows more inflam'd and madder by Enjoyment.
Bear me away, and lay me on my Bed,
A hopeless Vessel Bound for the dark Land
Of loathsome Death, and loaded deep with Sorrows. *[He is led off.]*

Sulpit. A Curse on all Repentance! how I hate it!
I'd rather hear a Dog howl than a Man whine.

Gran. You're wounded, Sir: I hope it is not much.

Sulp. No; 'tis not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a Church-
door; But 'tis enough; 'twill serve; I am pepper'd I warrant,
I warrant for this World. A Pox on all Mad-men hereafter. If
I get a Monument, let this be my Epitaph:

*Sulpitius lies here, that troublesome Slave,
That sent many honest Men to the Grave,
And dy'd like a Fool when h' had liv'd like a Knave. [Ex. Omnes.]*

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. Barry, who acted *Lavinia*.

A Mischief on't ! though I'm agen alive,
May I believe this Play of ours shall thrive ?
This Drumming, Trumpeting, and Fighting Play :
Why, what a Devil will the People say ?
The Nation that's without, and hears the Din,
Will swear w' are raising Volunteers agen.
For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,
Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his head.
H'had banish'd Poetry and all her Charms,
And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms.
No Prentice e're grown Weary of Indentures
Had such a longing mind to seek Adventures.
Nay, sure at last th' Infection general grew ;
For t'other day I was a Captain too :
Neither for Flanders nor for France to roam,
But, just as you were all, to stay at home.
And now for you who here come wrapt in Cloaks,
Only for love of Underhill and Nurse Noakes ;
Our Poet says, one day to a Play ye come,
Which serves ye half a Tear for Wit at home.
But which amongst you is there to be found,
Will take his Third Days Pawn for Fifty Pound ?
Or, now is he Cashier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready Money for's Debenture ?
Therefore when he receiv'd that Fatal Doom,
This Play came forth, in hopes his Friends would come }
To help a Poor Disbanded Soldier home.